

ORIGINAL
POEMS,
CHIEFLY ON
DIVINE SUBJECTS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED, BY WAY OF
APPENDIX,
THE
HUMILIATION
OF
CHRIST,

WITH SEVERAL OTHER
PIECES.
By SAMUEL PATTISSON.

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JOHN SMITH

CHESTER



P R E F A C E.

WHEN a man sets up for a versifier, and arrives to a degree above doggerel, nothing is more natural, than to pay himself a thousand handsome compliments. If he reviews his lines, he is almost in raptures, imagines they contain all the elegance of a Prior, with the beauties of a Cowper; assures himself of an immortality, and fondly arrogates the name and glory of a Poet.

BUT though he may pronounce these happy circumstances in his own favour, the judicious part of his readers may with propriety conclude otherwise; and instead of cloathing him with Morocco, embellished with gold borders, and lettered back,
to

to stand in uniform with a Mason or a Churchill, may consign him to the use of their pipes ; or deliver him into the humble services of the chandler, or cheese-monger.

WITH regard to the pieces annexed, I have nothing to advance in their praise, being persuaded, that there is not a line but what a brighter genius would either erase or alter to advantage. It was secular perplexities that first excited me to versify ; and as it afforded some relaxation to a sorrowing mind in a vacant hour, I deemed it more laudable to encourage a writing propensity, than to be found in no exercise at all ; whilst a consciousness of my infinite obligations to the Almighty, as my Creator, Redeemer, and Benefactor, led me mostly to divine subjects. But the reasons, why they are now issued into the world, my numerous friends, and generous subscribers to the work, well know.

THIS age has not been wanting of poetic geniuses from the most obscure characters : and have those sensible men, the Reviewers, manifested such a bias to academical learning, and college education,

tion, as to deny these the praise of their just merit? Rather, have not they, upon the least discovery of pure bullion, been anxious to disencumber it of its ore, and present it to the world in all its beauty; whether dug up by the plow of a Burns, or found on the stall of a Woodhouse.

SHALL I have the indulgence of the candid, while I inform them, that my juvenility wasted its period in a very awkward situation. Instead of being led to suck honey from the hive of Horace, drink nectar from the fount of Virgil, or to catch sublimity at the shrine of Homer, I was, ere I arrived to that age boys can well manage their Accidence, put an apprentice, to an employ, no ways congenial to my disposition: in short, I was cooped up for almost seven long years,

————— in a cell,
A dreary region, yea, a little hell!

A dreadful distance from the Aonian-mount, and consequently out of sight or hearing of the Muses,
but

but where men were cursing around me like devils!
 When this is put into the balance, if it will not be
 something towards an equilibrium against my ma-
 nifold blemishes, I shall despair, in future, either
 to profit, or to please.



MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

*Chiefly devotional, with a solemn intercessory address
to the Deity.*

O THOU, whose presence fills unbounded space,
Eternal Parent of the human race;
By whom we rise and drink the solar fire,
Or breathless to the dust in crowds retire!
With dread, a mortal of time's evil day,
Invokes thy name, and makes attempt to pray.

WITH moving pity, view the sinner, Lord,
Nor aim thy shaft, nor point thy deadly sword,
To slay a despicable worm of earth,
A traitor vile, by action and by birth:
A wretch whose crimes deserve the wrath of Heav'n,
But Mercy begs, implores to be forgiv'n:
O! let his groans, repentant, reach thine ear,
O! be disposed, to pardon, and to spare.

THOUGH

THOUGH black'd with hell, and horrid guilt I lie,
 Cannot thy blood, O Saviour, purify?
 Divine its power, each motion to controul,
 And wash innate pollution from the soul.
 Ah! give me faith, this diffidence remove;
 Ah! give me faith, in bleeding, dying love!
 O thou, whose charge the universe obeys,
 Whose sov'reign nod the whole creation sways;
 Whose Spirit kindles every pure desire,
 And fans with heavenly gales devotion's fire:
 Look down, look down, O haste to my relief!
 Lord, I believe, O help mine unbelief.

FROM fordid motives may thy child be free;
 My great first principle, be love to thee;
 Next, charity to all the human race,
 But chiefly to the pious sons of grace.
 May love to thee, my noblest powers employ,
 And fill my soul with holy peace and joy:
 May love to thee, bind with seraphic zeal,
 My willing breast to answer all thy will,
 To glory in the greatly hallow'd cross,
 And for it deem earth's purest bullion dross.

Should

Should hell, with all her wakeful hosts combine,
 To wrest from thee, my God, this heart of mine ;
 Or else constrain my life to undergo,
 The fiercest tortures men invent below :
 Like him * of old, I'd brave the direful flame,
 Embrace the faggot, and its rage contemn ;
 Rejoice, exult, amid consuming fires,
 While to its God, my suff'ring soul aspires.

WHEN days approach, that are in worship spent,
 Thy holy temple may my feet frequent.
 O how divine ! to meet the virtuous throng,
 With whom a Jesus deigns to be among :
 They prey, they hear, they join the blest above,
 In lofty praises of almighty love.
 The saints have here a bounteous table spread,
 And richly feast on more than earthly bread ;
 And freely drink with that undying food,
 The balmy nectar of Immanuel's blood !
 O happy men, in commerce with the skies,
 For pearls procur'd by heav'nly merchandise.
 O happy men, whose hallow'd lives declare,
 Their hearts above, their treasure center'd there :

* *Shadrach.*

ysM

Foregoing

Foregoing sensual joys, for starry crowns,
 A brighter æther, and more blooming downs :
 May I be ONE among the noble FEW,
 Ev'n so, amen, thou Holy, Just, and True.

WITHIN the sphere thy goodness doth me place,
 May I improve my talent, and thy grace.
 The little flock committed to my care,
 May I lead on with gentleness and prayer,
 By meads ambrosial, and delicious lawns,
 Which beauty robes, fertility adorns ;
 Fair blooming fields, and hyacinthine hills,
 Sweet vales elysian with their tuneful rills,
 Which zephyrs fan with odoriferous wing,
 While philomels harmonious ceaseless sing.
 To thy dear fold, O Shepherd of the sheep,
 Their ransom'd souls eternally to keep.

MAY human woe my tender feelings move,
 Excite to acts of pity, acts of love.
 In grief's dark cell, whene'er thine objects moan,
 And pain extorts the melancholy groan !
 Or fierce diseases on their vitals prey,
 While sickness dims the eye-ball's visive ray :

May

May I my suff'ring brother's anguish share,
 Return him groan for groan, and tear for tear ;
 Spend life and strength to raise my sinking friend,
 Or pour my soul to thee, thine aid to send :
 T' apply the healing balm, which sooths the rod,
 And bid him trust — an all-sustaining God !

MAY holy light through ev'ry clime pervade,
 Disperse the gloom of sin's malignant shade.
 High Salem's peerless Luminary rise,
 With gladd'ning beams array th' orient skies.
 May China's realms thy golden progress sing,
 And sit redeem'd beneath thy radiant wing.
 With awe profound, may India bow the knee,
 And view her midnight black dissolv'd by thee.
 With Persia, pride of Asia's ancient seats,
 With earliest off'rings thy effulgence greets.
 O bow the Ottoman regions to thy sway,
 Resistless Arm of Might, their dragon slay ;
 Of curs'd Arabian breed, whose stygian breath,
 From Meccablown, hath throng'd the realms of death :
 On gird thy strength, thou Power ineffable,
 And chase th' impostor to the fires of hell.

PRIMEVAL

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PRIMEVAL

PRIMEVAL Brightness, dart thy vivid rays,
 On th' abject tribes of Ham's imprison'd race.
 May Niger's sons thy glorious risings see,
 And wond'rous Nile, give up her shores to thee ;
 Whilst Æthiopia smiles to see thy reign,
 Extend o'er all the climes of her domain.

DESIRE of nations, to ev'ry kingdom come.
 Ye empires bow, O make the Saviour room.
 Ye thrones that dwell in shades, behold, 'tis He,
 That brings immortal light and liberty!
 Break off your chains, though fast'ned by the friend
 Of pontiff pride, black superstition's fiend.
 Break off your chains, with joyous rapture view,
 Your God, his antichristian foe subdue :
 Beneath the thunder of unequal power,
 The tyrant falls, and rescu'd kings adore.

ONCE more, O Day of Glory, I implore,
 Thy Sun t'illumine the Columbian shore.
 Those recent worlds, auspicious Mercy feed,
 And sow their deserts with celestial seed.
 Distil ye heavens, the pure prolific dew,
 And thou, blest Spirit, ev'ry clime renew ;

Where

Where thistles grow, bid wave the branching pine;
 And to the thorn succeed the luscious vine ;
 May barren wastes a beauteous landscape yield,
 And sandy wilds commence a fruitful field.

Not only those, but all the Indian tribes,
 Where midnight dwells, which ignorance describes;
 The thronedoms of thy fierce invet'rate foe,
 Who reigns thy mimic in the shades below,
 In boundless pity save. O peerless Might,
 These kingdoms lib'rate from that son of night.
 His nod accurs'd, may they no more obey,
 Nor o'er their realms bear diabolic sway,
 But be from his dark empire hurl'd, while all
 Their ransom'd armies triumph in his fall.

From south to north, may the glad radiance fly,
 And kindle glories for a brighter sky ;
 Where war of late, uprear'd his snaky head,
 And plagues, and death, and devastations spread ;
 No more be subject to the fierce alarms,
 Of broils intestine, and the din of arms ;
 But emulous heav'n's deathless wreaths to gain,
 And kingdoms be of Jesu's placid reign.

B

THOU

'THOU friend to Abr'ham, gracious, wise, and just,
 Though now the patriarch's mingled with the dust,
 Commiserate his seed — that faithless race
 Bring gently back by thy alluring grace :
 Ah! from their hearts remove the moral steel,
 Pour mental day, and give their powers to feel :
 Convinc'd that Shiloh's come, may they uprear,
 Their Christian domes, there bid their tribes repair,
 To pay high honours to th' Incarnate Throne,
 Who dropt to earth transgression to atone !
 And when thine ancient people gather'd be,
 May all the nations all thy glory see ;
 May one great Shepherd o'er one fold preside,
 Unrivall'd reign, while endless ages glide.

ON a fair spot in nature's wide domain,
 As that bright edifice adorns the plain,
 Britannia stands, great God, Britannia blest,
 And fill her realms with piety and peace.
 May balmy showers replenish all her rills,
 And smiling plenty yellow all her hills ;
 May countless fatlings graze her verdant meads,
 While drop the skies with blessings on their heads.

May

May constant bread to all her poor be given,
 And commerce flourish as the gift of Heaven.
 Thy choicest favours, may her Sov'reign share,
 In health and glory, long his di'dam wear;
 Conscious of aiding power divinely great,
 View envy, faction, prostrate at his feet.
 His peoples weal, with grateful pleasure see,
 And be the bulwark of their liberty.
 O may the Queen in tranquil paths be led,
 The rubied crown feel easy on her head;
 And both, as suns illustrious nobly move,
 The circles of benevolence and love!
 The comfort have, to see their royal race,
 Their royal parents virtuous footsteps trace;
 Or serving th' Eternal, great and wise,
 On thrones below, as they above the skies:
 When death hath clos'd their golden moments here,
 And angels crown'd them in a happier sphere.

MAY thy vicegerents in this sinful land,
 Against profaneness, make a noble stand;
 With brows undaunted, see the monster slain,
 Nor bear the awful sword of God in vain.

MAY

MAY pity soft, from kind compassion's eye,
 Relieve the tribes, that in affliction lie :
 Visit the cell, bow to the prisoner's groan,
 And make each plaintiff's sorrow all her own :
 Ah! thou hast power, why doth my God contend,
 And on the wretched all thine arrows spend ?
 Can wretchedness pour hallelujahs to thy name ?
 Can dust and death, with praise, thy love proclaim ?
 Ah! thou hast power, nor is thy sov'reign will,
 To punish mortals fix'd, but kindly still,
 To pour the lenient balm, to heal the wound,
 To make the sighing abject's joys abound,
 And lodge the weary in perpetual bliss,
 Therefore, my soul, rejoice, rejoice at this.

THOU Salem's glorious head, whose streaming blood,
 Procur'd her charter from th'eternal God !
 In charming splendour, may her domes arise,
 Their beauteous turrets mingle with the skies :
 In spite of envy, or a foaming hell,
 Serene, and safely in thy presence dwell.
 May faithful watchmen round her bulwarks stand,
 To guard her walls, and cry, at thy command,

“ Prepare

" Prepare a living way, for God make room,
 " Fair Zion's daughter, thy salvation's come."
 Attentive to the sound, may thousands yield,
 And let stupendous Mercy take the field.
 May each addition the choice city grace,
 And glory shine with her celestial rays,
 Transforming senseless, into living stones,
 And granting men to sit on heav'nly thrones.

MAY Zion's weal, Almighty, be thy care.
 My country's weal, I aim at in the prayer ;
 Yea, all mankind's. That more than fabled prop,
 Supports our empires, while it aids our hope.
 Ah! what's the world, without her glorious ray?
 A mournful scene of guilt, depriv'd of day!
 Replete with rationals, irrationally driven,
 By passions fierce, to thwart the will of Heaven!
 T' invert creation's wise concerted plan,
 And make opponents, God, and sottish man.
 Religion, O thou bright æthereal maid,
 With ev'ry social, angel-charm array'd.
 And thou, dear Salem, residence benign,
 Of this pure hearted habitant divine ;

Ye force Almighty vengeance to a stand,
 Keep off his judgments from a guilty land !
 Were you no more, this earth would soon expire,
 And make her exit in consuming fire :
 Drop from her orb on some sulphureous flood,
 And die, as if forsaken by her God.

MUCH hath been crav'd — O for immortal lays,
 To sing Eternal Mercy's bright displays :
 Too big for eloquence of human tongue,
 Above sublimity of mortal song.
 Me they've inclos'd, I prove their utmost bounds,
 Their loftiest height, and most extensive rounds.
 If obligation can be laid on senseless dust,
 As object great of the Almighty's trust ;
 To form in symetry its lifeless clay,
 And bring its feeble being into day :
 For Deity its embryo t'inspire,
 With living sparks from uncreated fire,
 And stamp duration, endless on the whole
 Material body, immaterial soul ;
 I ought, if fond of verse, his glory raise,
 And form my feeble numbers to his praise.

When

When nurs'd and rear'd auspicious fruit to bear,
 To answer my indulgent Planter's care ;
 And taught to drink of life's ambrozial dews,
 From heaven dropt for my peculiar use,
 While fenc'd around with more than mortal powers
 To guard my nightly and my wakeful hours :
 Yet prove a noxious over-growing weed,
 A base degenerate, from celestial seed ;
 Nor strange, if banish'd, now my Sire's full simile,
 As quite evading all his generous toil,
 I chearless droop, and sadly fading lie,
 'Till loves immortal, as bright cherubs fly,
 Their child to plant in a more kindly clime,
 T'inhale balsamic showers from skies sublime.
 O mercy vast ! tremble ye dire abodes !
 But give great Jesus plaudits all ye gods !
 A bright Eternity's refulgent Sun,
 Bestows the smiles by noble victory won ;
 This fires my soul, constrain'd are all my powers,
 To sing of Him, my ransom'd soul adores :
 To tell the choirs above, and men below,
 How vast the debt to boundless Love I owe !
 For being's birth, redemption's mighty plan,
 And all its grand effects to favour'd man.

HAIL,

HAIL, glorious Lord, this wide creation's Sire !
 As incense fragrant, may thy praise aspire,
 Accepted rise, before thy radiant throne,
 Through th' intercession of thy duteous Son ;
 My plea, my joy, my advocate, my prize,
 My hope below, my bliss above the skies.

MAY this at least be annall'd to my fame,
 That to his worth, I sign my puny name.
 Among the thousands, proud t' undeify,
 His Essence bright, as less than the Most High :
 Write this, thou flaming scribe, to whom is given,
 To be the sacred annallist of heaven ;
 This, this insert,* in thine immortal page,
 " The Muse is pure in this Socinian age."
 Yea more, far more, O may my name be enroll'd,
 Among the lambs of this great Shepherd's fold !
 Who follow him to final victory,
 And gain the plaudits of eternity !
 Through warring fields, and fiery storms below,
 Where fiends ferocious darts malignant throw !
 Nor shall black hell the signature erase,
 Illustrious as yon sun's unclouded blaze.

GREAT,

* *No Socinian.*

GREAT, good, and wise, essentially possess'd,
Of ev'ry pow'r to make thy being blest.

Ere walk'd creation the empyrean road,
Thou wast the pow'rful self-informing God,
Complete thy blifs! nor can addition know,
From thrones of light above, or thrones below;
Yet deign'dst to tofs from thine omnific hand,
These blazing worlds to roll at thy command;
To hang their lamps in yon cerulean sky,
And form stupendous systems as they fly;
Not matter only, each its beings assign'd,
Of human, spiritual, or angelic kind.

Those, rapt in blifs, perform thy sov'reign will,
These, candidates for higher honours still.

If forfeit that, by self-perversion free,
Or them, secur'd by firm fidelity.

Thy love, with glories bright, the victor crowns,
Justice, the rebel, lays beneath thy frowns!

While shouting skies applaud thy righteous ways,
And gladly triumph in rewarding grace.

SCARCE to attend thy all-creating call,
Rose out of chaos this terrestrial ball,

With

With animate, and vegetative fraught,
 And man, its lord, by noble wisdom taught :
 Serene and placid were his circling hours,
 And Eden yielded her delicious bowers.
 The glorious work from ev'ry evil free,
 Was sentenc'd good, and wholly worthy thee :
 But prime æthereals left their domes of light,
 Became obnoxious in thy holy sight ;
 Assuming undeputed thrones, were driven,
 And hurl'd from off the argent plains of heaven :
 Hence, malice dire, and horrid pride began,
 And envy, fraught with snares to happy man.
 Ah ! too successful was the wily foe,
 Man listen'd ! finn'd ! and let his glory go !
 Brought down Heaven's ire, with all its meagre train,
 Of fell disease, mortality and pain.
 Forbear, my muse, Urânia draw a veil,
 Or drop a tear o'er the disastrous tale.

BUT O ! what projects from this scene took birth,
 What good to man, what peace to abject earth.
 Ye heavens resound in everlasting strains,
 And let it ring through your eternal plains,

That

That he who guides the stars their azure way,
 Who opes and shuts, the circling eye of day,
 Who feeds with liquid light, yon blazing sun,
 And tells each planet, where his course to run,
 Should meekly leave celestial powers and thrones,
 To ransom earth's deprav'd, perverted sons.

Not all redeem'd. From gracious purpose void,
 Was not Heaven's breast, but by self-will destroy'd;
 Which makes more deadly, nature's fatal wound,
 While deaf their ears, to sweet salvation's sound!
 He is their light, but they that light obscure,
 And pain and darkness to themselves procure.

MAN perverted, sinn'd, offended Godhead flew,
 And judgment pass'd on man, most justly due;
 Yet mix'd with mercy! O that morning ray,
 Bright harbinger of more effulgent day!
 To emblazen this, what other lights have flam'd,
 In various climes; Pagan or Jewish nam'd?
 What temples rear'd? What hecatombs have bled?
 What signs stupendous o'er the nations spread?
 Nature revers'd! immortal chiefs at war!
 Hell captive dragg'd, by Heaven's triumphal car.

WHEN

WHEN lo! the clouds dissolve, the shadows flee;
 Now walks the Sun* in peerless majesty.
 The glories bright, through all th' horizon gleam,
 Diffusing light and life with healing beam;
 The favour'd nations drink the golden ray,
 Say, till Jewish night's immers'd in Christian day.

INFINITE Glory stain'd by man's offence,
 A ransom claim'd from more than innocence.
 Immensity himself must satisfy,
 Or the poor culprit must for ever die:
 O cruel truth, how hard to be receiv'd?
 Ah! how repugnant to a modern creed.

SELF-BIAS'D, erst celestials fell by pride,†
 Man's virtue fail'd, not unassail'd, untry'd.
 Pure sanctity to those, no pity knew,
 But fires abyssal were assign'd their due.
 Heaven less severe with man, permits th' abodes,
 Of balmy bliss, the residence of gods,
 An arbiter to yield: there offer'd One,
 A co-eternal Power, on equal throne:

* *Our Lord's incarnation.*

† *The opinion of Divines in general.*

Replete

Replete with love, with sov'reign grace replete,
 To make two jarring foes in concord meet ;
 Justice un lax'd, with his storm gath'ring eyes,
 And placid Mercy, darling of the skies,
 By assuming human nature's mortal robe,
 Prime habitant of this sublunary globe :
 His life, a transcript of the sacred code,
 His death, for man, an offering to God ;
 Impartial Justice, now remits his frown,
 And Mercy reigns triumphant on the throne.

BEDEW your cheeks with tears, ye sons of light ;
 And triumph in your day, ye pow'rs of night :
 This hour most awful, by the fates decreed,
 To quench that Orb, and hell perform the deed :
 For lo ! high tempests rise, fierce meteors roll,
 Dread shakes the earth, from Indus, to the pole :
 Loud peals of thunder rend the liquid air,
 And blazing comets through the æther glare ;
 Above, around, the livid light'nings play,
 And horror shuts the pearly gates of day ;
 Deep caverns yawning, issue hideous powers,
 And hell exhausts her magazine of stores :

C

When

When all o'erwhelm'd, th'immortal passive God,
Declines, and sinks in groans, and tears, and blood.

WORTH, more than adequate was given for man,
That he his prior glories might regain.
That blood divine, atonement ample made,
That grand ascent, a boundless good display'd ;
Then fatal wounds to death and hell were giv'n,
And man restyl'd, immortal child of Heaven.

STRIKE off, in chorus full, ye hymning choir,
To lays transcendent, every band aspire ;
Wake ev'ry melting, clear harmonious strain,
And ardent glow to swell the pleasing vein.
He rose ! he rose ! he left his massy bed,
Death, and his ghastly terrors, captive led.
Throw ope your golden doors, ye heavenly domes,
Behold this Hero ! with salvation comes ;
Bid your triumphal arches nobly rise,
And rear his trophies to your limpid skies :
With amaranthine flowers your pavements strew,
And wreaths immortal place upon his brow ;
Whose matchless love, arm'd with stupendous power,
Took wing and rose, to set in blood no more.

REKINDLED

REKINDLED in the skies, though quench'd below,
 This Glory self-illumin'd, did bestow
 A thousand lesser suns, which lent their spheres,
 To this dark globe, this dreary vale of tears.
 Some set in calm sereneſt evening mild,
 Others put out, ere half their day fulfill'd;
 Not for their own deſert, vapours malign,
 By hell exhal'd, o'erwhelm'd their orbs divine.
 Yet ere extinct, by bleſt inſtruction giv'n,
 They drop a lamp new lighted by Heaven.
 Ye ſacred volumes hail, with wiſdom fraught;
 And penn'd by man, as inſpiration taught.
 O ſweetly lead me to thoſe bright abodes,
 Where men familiar converſe held with Gods;
 Where op'ning heav'ns diſplay'd to mortal ſight,
 Deſcending thrones, and ſeraphs rob'd with light.
 I read, I'm charm'd, my eager fancy roves
 Through blooming bow'rs, and Eden's happy groves;
 Joins the primeval couple in their ſongs,
 Th'harmonious meaſures of their ſinleſs tongues;
 Inhales the odours of the balmy breeze,
 And plucks heſperian fruitage off the trees:
 O'erhears the muſic of the neighb'ring hill,
 And nectar quaffs from yonder purling rill,

Bows

Bows to cherubic guardians as they pass,
 And courts soft slumbers on the downy grass ;
 Lull'd by the sweet congratulating airs,
 The melody of heaven, and all her spheres ;
 By you I trace, what time th' Almighty Cause,
 Subjected matter to its various laws :
 How modell'd dust, by his amazing plan,
 His Spirit breath'd, and nam'd the creature, man.
 How inundations overwhelm'd a guilty world !
 How quenchless fires were on doom'd cities hurl'd !
 How seas divided while the ransom'd pass'd !
 How Israel's sons did food æthereal taste !
 How God himself, in majesty came down !
 And proud Sinai made his humble throne !
 How whirling planets stood, man's voice to hear !
 How swift wing'd time was stopt in full career !
 With all your moving lectures to mankind,
 How strong they strike on my astonish'd mind.
 My greatly favour'd soul, with willing hands,
 Submits her powers to your divine commands :
 With trembling reads, what stormy treasur'd skies,
 Impendant hang, o'er those that you despise ;
 While heavenly music thrills her tender veins,
 At your sweet melting evangelic strains.

YE anti-bible fots, how you give proof,
 That sacred wisdom you have given up,
 As quite unmeet the lessons of her schools,
 Grown up from dwarfish, to gigantish fools.
 Can all the stores of heathen eloquence,
 Produce such nervous, and immortal sense ?
 Can such pure gold be dug from Grecian mines,
 As that which glows in those prophetic lines ?
 Hath your chaotic system any fun ?
 Or doth that taper give a solar noon ?
 Your ignis-fatuus only leads astray,
 Our burning Lamp guides to eternal day :
 Bright æras of full bliss belong to ours ;
 A dreadful whirlpool shuts the scene of yours.

MAN made ! man ruin'd ! and lost man restor'd !
 His freedom bought by nature's sov'reign Lord.
 A gracious edict pass'd the empyreal seal,
 Confirm'd decree ! that man's Heaven's fav'rite still.
 Ye blest, ye heard it ratified above ;
 Ye heard, and bow'd to such stupendous Love !
 The glorious news through your wide regions flew,
 And tears of flowing joy they brought from you.

Ah! little do we think in this dark cell,
What zeal for man in angel bosoms dwell.

If man is wise to know his dire disease,
And leaving hostile measures, fues for peace ;
Throws off the tyranny of treach'rous powers,
And owns him Lord, whom Gabriel pure adores ;
Paying allegiance due to his high throne,
And firm affiance rests, on him alone !
A charter new obtains from peaceful skies,
And magazines well fraught with rich supplies ;
Nor needs he fear old hell, with all her storms,
Nor ghastly death, with all his dreary forms.

YE troublers of our land, with argument,
On faith and creeds, your time how fruitless spent ;
Your language on those themes, how dull and stale,
I'm quite grown weary of the thread-bare tale.
That man has faith, whatever be his name,
That humbly owns his poverty and shame ;
Yet boldly pleads before a throne of grace,
The value of a JESUS' RIGHTEOUSNESS ;
Receives him, as his Prophet, Priest, and Lord,
And for salvation rests upon his word :

Whose

Whose humble love, and active faith, endures
 'Till death, th' immortal mind's release procures.

WHATEVER mortals think of such a one,
 Archangels almost envy him his throne :
 His rich reversion see, the glorious meed,
 And princely honours, that his toils succeed.
 Earth's sottish natives, see a worm, or mole,
 Sublimers spirits, view a heav'n aspiring soul :
 Those judge his life a scene of misery,
 These, his destin'd path, to immortality !
 They tune their golden harps, and sweetly raise,
 Immortal anthems, to their Sov'reign's praise ;
 While echos from th' eternal hills resound,
 " The dead's alive again ! the lost is found !"
 Over the man, who thinks above the crowd,
 That nobly lives to virtue, and to God.

YE smiling heavens droop, shrink back thou sun,
 While o'er his griefs my pensive numbers run ;
 For two united powers, with malice fell,
 This world capricious, and malignant hell,
 Use all their arts, and blackest schemes devise,
 To sink his bark, new freighted by the skies :

Awhile

Awhile he plies on calm and open seas,
 Sailing before a sweet favonian breeze :
 Now swell the waves, impetuous billows roll,
 And clouds infernal overshade the pole ;
 His guide star lost, he darkly plows the main,
 And veers, and toils, but seems to toil in vain.
 If not good anchor hold, his courage fails,
 And midnight horror o'er his mind prevails !
 Perhaps on Scylla's dreadful rock, he wrecks,
 Where gushing cat'raets, his lame vessel breaks ;
 Or dire Charybdis's yawning cavern founds,
 Sinks down ingulf'd, with shrieks, and dying groans.

If these escap'd, the world with circean lore,
 Displays the good from heaps of shining ore ;
 Bids the gay trifles all his powers beguile,
 And seize his soul with fascinating smile.
 " Behold, says she, fair fortune's happy child,
 Basking in golden suns, secure, untoil'd !
 See where he rolls his gilded car along,
 And with his splendour sets agape the throng !
 Sweet silver trumpet, fame proclaims his power,
 And bids the crowd, her minion gay adore :

See,

See, all obsequious to his dread command,
Watching the motions of his head or hand;
He smiles, and heaven sits upon his eyes;
He frowns, and midnight robes the lucid skies.

DOTH beauty lure? obtain in that fair's arms,
A Cleopatra's, or an Hellen's charms;
In silken pleasures, lose thy every sense,
The gods invite thee, fear no consequence.
Ah, why doth nature prompt the tender sigh?
But for its ardent claim to gratify.
Fools distant keep, incapable to taste,
T'extatic sweetness of the rich repast.

Is wine thy choice? then toss the flowing bowl,
And with its virtues cheer thy grateful soul.
To Bacchus dedicate thy jovial hours,
O let the purple god command thy powers;
'Tis his substantial comforts to bestow,
And make dull care forget its toils below."

So sings the world, nor doth she sing in vain,
Myriads their freedom barter for a chain:

Unlike

Unlike Ulysses, ope their ports of sound,*
 And let the Siren strains their sense confound.
 Lull'd by the melting airs, their fancy feeds
 On golden dreams, and wealth procuring deeds ;
 Or on Clausina's bosom, courts reposes,
 With balmy zephyrs fann'd, and breath of roses.
 If life's corroding sorrows to destroy,
 Quaffing oblivion with the jolly boy.
 There lives a quondam follower of the Lamb,
 On yonder spot,* while I conceal his name.
 His well instructed soul with meekness pure,
 Could for celestials, griefs and plaints endure :
 To danger brave, to low incitements blind,
 Nor blush'd to own his gracious God was kind ;
 If sorrow press'd his friend, it was his care,
 To sooth his sighs, and wipe the falling tear.
 He greatly labour'd to his neighbour's good,
 The naked shar'd his garb, the starv'd his food :
 Dull ignorance was taught, the blind were led,
 And thousands pour'd their blessings on his head.

* *Alluding to Ulysses, stopping the ears of his companions with wax, when he must sail by Scylla and Charybdis.*

* *Manchester.*

His

His simple talent being thus improv'd,
 By works to men, and holy zeal to God,
 A providence propitious and benign,
 Upon his seculars began to shine :
 Goodness first gives, and then the gift rewards,
 If the receiver's worth meet its awards :
 One well us'd blessing, makes that blessing two,
 And many mercies numbers from a few :
 So speaketh holy writ, and common sense,
 In spite of Skeptic pride, and insolence.

But with a deep fetch'd sigh o'er human strength,
 These notes to tragic, must be chang'd at length :
 As yon sweet songster charmer of the grove,
 Now pours his soul in melody of love :
 If lost his mate, assumes a mournful lay,
 And warbles sadness, as he bends the spray ;
 So must the Muse, though wanting of his skill,
 T'incite the ear, her song with sadness fill.

COMMERCE, a thousand pour'd from ev'ry side,
 Yet stood his virtue firm, though not untry'd.
 A thousand double told came flowing in,
 Then did declension of his zeal begin.

No more, those sweet emotions of the mind,
 That zeal for God, and love to all mankind.
 The deity within, now felt no pain,
 From what of late it would with cause disdain;
 Those pious aspirations wing'd with hope,
 That heav'nly intercourse began to drop:
 Less frequent, visits to supernal powers,
 As quite intrusive on his busy hours:
 This did to God appear, whose piercing eye,
 Doth all the secret thoughts of man descry.
 Yet no less ardor, by the world was seen,
 In works of righteousness, to God and men;
 Still in the circle of his active sphere,
 Virtue gave proof, she had a being there.

To men with solid intellectuals blest'd,
 And with those parts of piety possess'd;
 Who view themselves as stewards to their Lord,
 And use as his, the wealth he doth afford.
 Crown'd with celestial roses, affluence comes,
 An helper of distress, with pride assumes:
 First, takes in father, mother, brother, friends,
 Then to her neighbours needful service lends.

Extends

Extends as far as wants, her pity claim,
Or Heaven deigns to feed the sacred flame.

WHAT wonder then, if wealth's to most deny'd,
When the bright jewel would be misapply'd?
Contracted minds, its noble ends destroy,
And riches make the stab of ev'ry joy;
Assuming that low arrogating tone,
"Can't I my pleasure use, with what's my own?"
Thou fool, that wealth thou dream'st entirely thine,
Though made thy sacred charge, is his, is mine,
Is yonder cripple's, halting o'er the plain,
Or that blind beggar's, with his dog and chain:
Heaven lent it for impartial general use,
That noble means might lasting good produce:
The agent thou, the sovereign owner He,
Expects in this thy firm fidelity;
The honest poor, are his invited guests,
Which if despis'd, contemn'd, are his behests.

BUT to my tale. One inch above the ground,
This mortal rais'd, and Mercy smiling round.
A thousand was with moderation borne,
But tens of thousands all religion drown!

As metamorphos'd, to the world appears,
 And rarely wipes the wretched orphan's tears ;
 Seldom the widow, or the fatherless,
 From him obtain the long sought for redress :
 Immers'd in weighty cares, at home, abroad,
 Small leisure now for charity or God ;
 Buildings, and mighty things, employ each hour,
 And pavements rattle with his coach and four.

Not only indigence her patron lost,
 But to the church, he yielded up the ghost :
 Seated aloft, amid the golden rays,
 Emissive from such mighty grandeur's blaze ;
 His own rais'd, fix'd, and splendid eminence,
 And rob'd sublimely with self-consequence,
 How can he stoop to despicable things,
 To the low subjects that religion brings ?
 Grand domes are for him rear'd, with ceilings proud,
 But slighted is the temple of his God !
 No more he waters plants of righteousness,
 Nor old associates meets with former face ;
 Ev'n Providence, with all its kindly laws,
 He doubts, and nearly this conclusion draws :

His

His wealth by chance, or application brought,
And not what God hath in his favour wrought.

YE sages of our day, with knowledge fraught,
Of men and things, by long experience taught,
Can that man's use of wealth be justify'd,
Who seeks to have his passions gratify'd?
Hath he improv'd the talent kindly given,
In gratitude to all indulgent Heaven?
Or rather is not he, ye fathers, say,
An awful instance of apostacy?

SOME seraph, lend your genius, while I paint,
What wants your skill, a persevering faint :
The man, who to life's close, walks virtue's road,
And nobly lives, yea, dares to die for God ;
True, as the fam'd Penelope of yore,
When left her warlike lord his native shore,
To lay dread siege to proud imperious Troy,
Nor stay'd the hero for his lovely boy.*
All-prudent dame, by various lovers woo'd
She all their threats, and all their tears withstood :

* *Telemachus.*

“ Behold

“ Behold, says she, this filken task assign’d,
 To wing the leaden hours, relax the mind ;
 If this fullfill’d, ere my Ulysses comes,
 To be a bride the destitute assumes.”

Their patience gain’d, her curious web to weave,
 Th’ amusing toil the irksome hours deceive ;
 But what her hands perform at wakeful noon,
 By pious fraud, at midnight is undone.
 Mean while, the ambient air is balm’d with sighs,
 And Jove’s great ear is pierc’d with ardent cries :
 “ Ye Heavens, hear my pray’r, O deign to take,
 My life away, or send Ulysses back.

Full twenty times, hath the sun’s car gone round,
 Since e’er he trode on Ithacæn ground.

Ah ! must he drop by some fell trojan’s sword,
 Or yonder seas o’erwhelm my dearest lord,
 While hapless I, must be reluctant led,
 O worse than death, partake a stranger’s bed ;
 Ye laging winds, O mend your tardy pace,
 Restore the husband to the wife’s embrace ;
 Ulysses come, or I despair and die,”

She wept, she pray’d, and Heaven heard her cry,
 Gave back her husband to her willing arms !
 To feast triumphant on bright virtue’s charms.

ALIKE the vet'ran, in the christian wars,
 How to secure the field employs his cares :
 Arm'd cap-a-pie, with panoply heaven wrought,
 And for his use from her great armory brought.
 Nor need I sing his foes imperial thrones,
 High potentates, erst glory's prior sons ;
 Sublime in air they sit at grand divan,
 And rule this spot now tenanted by man ;
 The golden plate, emblazon'd with the crest,
 Of Judah's LION, fits his dauntless, breast,
 And buckled on his unrelaxing loins,
 Truth's stable belt, that worth and prowess joins :
 With brazen greaves his willing feet are shod,
 Defensive arm'd to walk the dangerous road ;
 While with his hand with polish bright is held,
 Dazzling the sun ! the dart repelling shield.
 The silver helmet on his head is plac'd,
 Its surface with a Jesu's portrait grac'd.
 Equipp'd, he wields th' æthereal temper'd sword,
 And dominations conquers by the word :
 While brilliant kept the whole, by ardent prayer,
 Incessant watch, and ever wakeful care.

YE deists, fraught with all your share of pride,
 As fools, our Bible-advocates deride:
 Ah, you're the men, and wisdom with you dies,
 While the bright goddess from our temple flies.
 Reason's undoubted sons, I give you praise,
 Your ethic creeds, the glory of our days.
 Dwindle thou christian star ! exhaust in air,
 Thy little rays, a sun, a sun, reigns here.
 I humbly crave your pardon while I sing,
 At this poor head, ah ! why the Bible fling ?
 I only to you shew'd its letter'd back,
 Its ample margin, and its covers black,
 Must then, the muse for this be doom'd to hell ?
 Be chain'd with Ixion to the burning wheel ?

AND but with broken scull, escap'd from you,
 Must I be chastiz'd by these templars * too ?
 Ye filken gods ! before your shrine I fall,
 Confess your knowledge wonderful to all.
 Blockheads, but pigmies into learning grow,
 And from but little, little can bestow ;

* *Solifdians.*

But

But your large souls, drink in th' interior ray,
 And you the bacons of our gospel day,
 Forgive me, if discordiant to your strains,
 I sang of prayer and melancholly pains,
 As gratitude to Heaven's approv'd return,
 The writer's wild-fire did his judgment burn ;
 Or stumbling on poor James's legal code,
 He took the letter for the grace of God !
 Since at your bar, th' offending culprit stands,
 For singing obedience to divine commands ;
 Instead of cruel scourge, soft sentence find,
 " The man's a fool, ah ! he's to gospel blind.

NOT only prayer, and holy wafted sighs,
 Alone with God, as th' abject prostrate lies.
 But means notorious — Thee, first let me name,
 Convention bright, star of immortal flame,
 Whose lamp was kindled by th' Incarnate Son !
 And burns incessantly before the throne ;
 Though less refulgent this, than that above,
 Yet both the offspring of Almighty Love.
 There glory pours the full æthereal day ;
 Here mercy shines with less majestic ray ;

Yet

Yet such as all ransom'd souls allure,
 And lifts from matter gross, the spirit pure.
 How shall I, Salem, sing thy temple's fill'd,
 Those holy domes for adoration mild,
 Where crowds of living members daily wait,
 To pour their incense at thy pearly gate ;
 While angels breathe the aromatic air,
 And God, in humbled majesty is there.

THEE, next I sing, sweet spiritual repast,
 Unmeet the first-born seraph to thy taste :
 Yet oh ! by sottish mortals how despis'd,
 Though thy blest viands Heaven himself devis'd,
 Previous to dying groans, and streaming blood,
 And all the wounds, and scourges of a God ;
 A God incarnate in the hands of men,
 To be deliver'd o'er to death and pain :
 The Saviour said, " This my body is,
 Take, eat, in foretaste of perpetual bliss !
 And this my blood ! O drink the vital stream,
 This balmy cordial will your souls redeem !"
 The last soft whisper of a parent dear,
 With flatt'ring accent, and with flowing tear,

Thou

Thou would'st with grateful soul for ever note,
 On thy firm mem'ry, as with adamant wrote ;
 Unless thy heart was hard, and callous grown,
 As Norway's ice, or as an agate stone.
 And wilt thou man, refuse thine ear to lend,
 To this, the language of thy greatest friend ?
 More great, more dear, than all the ties below,
 Than mortal pen can paint, or angel know :
 A God, a Friend, compose the glorious name,
 Of that once tortur'd agonizing Lamb !
 O dignity sublime, for man too high,
 O wond'rous condescension of the sky :
 Saints feed, saints live, on more than angels food,
 A Jesu's body, and a Jesu's blood !
 Raphael, with holy rapture views the feast,
 And breathes a wish to be a favour'd guest ;
 While the angelic choris their music bring,
 To celebrate the banquet of their King :
 Methinks, I hear their sweet melodious lyres,
 They charm my soul, and feed her holy fires.
 My guardian angels, hear the vows I make,
 Neglect your charge, if I this feast forsake ;
 Consign me o'er to some less watchful care,
 If I, to frequent holy rites forbear.

THEE,

THEE, last I sing, immortal charity,
 Daughter and fav'rite of the Deity.
 By our low dialect whatever term'd,
 Benevolence, or holy kindness nam'd.
 Cold nature kindled to seraphic love,
 Or mercy dropp'd from blissful climes above ;
 Celestial plant, in what luxurious soil,
 Dost thou with balmy fragrance deign to smile ;
 Breathing thy sweets in yonder regal blaze,
 Or beauties opening to a primate's rays ;
 Shining in golden legacies bestow'd,
 In barter for the mercy of a God ?
 Or patroness of seminaries given,
 To lecture youth, and nurse the mind for Heaven ?

NATURE'S hard mould soften'd by heav'nly art,
 And grateful tempers blooming at the heart,
 Brought from opaque to day, the human mind,
 Finds all her moral pow'rs and parts refin'd !
 Associate now, for more than mortal skies,
 Dove-like with azure wings the cherub flies,
 And takes his throne, while from his downy plumes,
 Ambrosia drops, and odorous perfumes,

The

The soul first makes to Heaven her glad returns,
 And with a kindly glow incessant burns :
 And this her motto, Thou, O Love divine !
 First mov'd'st to ardour this cold heart of mine.

NEXT her prime cause, partake the social fire,
 Those vital sparks restruck by the same Sire,
 Though fugitives of transitory time,
 They lighten for an hour this lower clime ;
 Yet all one essence, she pervades the whole,
 And her great kindred claims from pole to pole ;
 Jointly they one eternal source proclaim,
 One faith, in one Redeemer's glorious name ;
 One holy unction, dropp'd from heav'n above,
 And one grand title to eternal Love ;
 So strong the cement, and so firm the tie,
 The tears of one extort a general sigh ;
 Yea, if a Peter's into prison thrown,
 The church incessant prays before the throne :
 O harmony divine ! how worthy men !
 Ah why, O earth, wilt thou oppose its reign ?
 Doth there in all thy dreary climes, O hell,
 Such sympathy, such holy union dwell ?

NOR

NOR less a patriot, than a christian proves,
 With all her pow'rs, her native country loves.
 Under auspicious George, she boasts her weal,
 And with her blood, would the great witness seal.
 As noble Pitt,* enjoys fair Albion's smile,
 Or as great Stafford,† loves the happy isle.

* *The present premier, Mr. Pitt, whose character, as an able minister, is established.*

† *The Marquis of Stafford, eminent for his public worth, and private virtues; in the neighbourhood of whose chief country residence, Trentham, in Staffordshire, the author was born.*

J E S U S,

A S A C R E D

E U L O G Y.

NO more, ye founding titles, now no more,
 Ye empty honours, which the vain adore:
 A greater theme be mine — O heavenly Fire,
 With sacred rays, thy suppliant son inspire.

JESUS, let flaming Gabriel's bow the knee,
 Before the wisdom of the Deity.
 Ere blazing systems march'd their azure way,
 Or suns to bord'ring worlds bestow'd the day;
 Ere Cynthia rode sublime with milder light,
 And whirl'd her silver orb across the night:
 Ere yon expanse with starry brilliants glow'd,
 Or from its source, created beauty flow'd:

E

Ere

Ere blooming verdure rob'd the smiling lawns,
 Or bore the hilly copse its sportive fawns :
 Ere fair archangel try'd his tuneful tongue,
 Or downs æthereal echo'd to his song;
 Ere lovely cherub struck his chrystal lyre,
 Or burning seraph caught th' extatic fire ;
 Ere hosts celestial, hallelujahs pour'd,
 Or hymn'd creation's great omnific Lord,
 He in the Godhead reign'd ! nor was there known,
 By vast eternity, a prior throne.
 Can you, ye proud, such ancient splendours boast ?
 Alas, your claims are vanity, at most.

SHOUT all ye nations, at the dawning ray,
 Of bright salvation's long expected day.
 Ye favour'd climes, its grateful steps invite,
 And bid your kingdoms drink the golden light.
 O'er ev'ry realm it gleams, great Salem, see,
 A richer glory bursting upon thee.
 Rejoice, ye distant isles, and gentile lands,
 And thou, O Afric, clap thy sable hands.
 O pour th' applause, ye empires, now arise,
 And with your voices shake the pearly skies.

FOR

For lo, th'illustrious Jesus breaks the clouds,
 And shines resplendent as the God of gods :
 Diffusive wide th' enliv'ning radiance streams,
 Imparting free, his salutary beams.
 Death flies before him with his ghastly train,
 And error shuns his truth displaying reign.
 Divinely heal'd, the blind pursue their way,
 Their eye-lids ope, and catch immortal day.

WHAT time the sons of Jacob heard and saw,
 Promulg'd from Oreb, Heaven's tremendous law.
 High Deity awhile forsook his throne,
 To make to man his awful counsels known.
 Cherubic legions drew th' omniscient form,
 With tenfold the rapidity of storm,
 Down fields of æther whirl'd th' imperial car,
 Which shook the centre of the morning-star,
 And struck aghast the sun, made Saturn reel,
 And strange commotion through his fabric feel.
 To Sinai's top, th' Almighty bends his way,
 Phænomenons terrific mark the day,
 And fiercely driving, thunderbolts declare,
 They form th' artillery of Jehovah's war ;

Beneath

Beneath the torrid light'nings, nature swelts,
 And earth as steel, in glowing furnace melts :
 Old ocean foams, and furiously recoils,
 And wets the clouds with tumult as he boils.
 The mountain bow'd, the mountain felt her God,
 And quak'd, as he her verd'rous surface trode :
 Convuls'd with throes, she never knew before,
 She bellow'd Ætna's subterraneous roar,
 And issu'd livid flames, whose forky spires,
 High mingled meteors of æthereal fires ;
 Dire clash of blaze to blaze, a burning scene,
 The desert seem'd, and man appall'd therein.
 Th' archangel trump, by seraph winded strong,
 Low roll'd its clangour deafening along ;
 Response astounding to the noise on high,
 The rattl'ing cannon of the cleaving sky ;
 While midnight wrapt the law-dispensing God,
 Thunder'd his edicts awfully and loud.

THUS cloath'd with heavy gloom th' old cov'nant
 Breathing red fire, a sure devouring flame, [came,
 And threat'ning poor delinquents with a storm,
 Of deathless plagues, in every horrid form :

But

But Jesus, man's blest expiator, now,
 In Sinai's lucid cloud, th' effulgent bow,
 In golden showers descended from above,
 Array'd with all the smiles of heavenly love.
 Hark! gladden'd seraphs his appearance hail,
 And shout th' event as they through æther sail.
 See, seas of solar day, more rapid flow,
 And constellations shed a brighter glow.
 See, lovelier azure robe th' expansive sky,
 And sable clouds are silver'd as they fly.
 See, ransom'd empires all their glories bring,
 And lay them at the footstool of their King!
 With aspect ravishing, and brows serene,
 And all th' engaging virtues on his mien;
 His presence yields a blooming paradise,
 And opens champaigns of immortal joys;
 Where plants ambrosial give a rich perfume,
 And flowers of amaranth, to please, assume.

A LOVELY maid on either hand is plac'd,
 With all the beauty of celestials grac'd;
 This stands in majesty's august deport,
 And round her orb, veracity is wrote;

Unfullied splendours on her head descend,
 And duteous cherubs on her state attend ;
 Sublime, her hands the holy records bear,
 While wave the lillied vestments in the air :
 “ O ye, she sings, who late in bliss sat high,
 As princely regents of this lower sky ;
 Ah, soon you left your pure delicious spheres,
 And barter'd Eden for a vale of tears ;
 Enslav'd and sold, with indigence replete,
 Your diadems laid at your opponents feet.
 None can you safely re-enthroned, but Him
 Who humbled Godhead, mortals to redeem ;
 Who broke the bars which pard'ning love confin'd,
 And let the floods of mercy on mankind.
 A price ineffable he paid with blood,
 The blood of Deity! the blood of God! *
 To save you, bleeding hecatombs are vain !
 Behold the Lamb! on Calv'ry's summit slain!
 For jubilant epochs, look to him alone,
 Rest all your hopes upon th' Incarnate Throne!
 And ardent glow, with all the fire of love,
 That he, your adorations may approve ;

* *Acts xx. 28.*

So shall I you, my charge to grace resign,
T'obtain her lore, and benefits divine.

HERE ended truth, and shook her silver curls,
And th'holy banner of her Prince unfurls :
Meanwhile th'other attendant dame arose,
Bright as Aurora, with her virgin hues.
Here, charms eternal ravish and delight,
Which noblest passions kindle and excite ;
Where e'er she moves, her majesty displays,
A pomp of radiance, and a burst of blaze ;
Her state æthereal, wond'ring seraphs drew,
Who gaz'd and lov'd, as they around her flew.
Pure roses from paradisiacal bowers,
And all the prime of heaven's unwith'ring flowers,
By blest angelics twin'd, compose her wreath,
While holds her breast, the grand archives of faith.
Immortals know her, by her beauteous rays,
And ærial music warbles, " this is grace !"
At length, she lifts her hand with sweet demean,
And thus harangues with attitude serene :
" O ye, by Truth's supernal wisdom told,
Of glories lost by peccant man of old :

Ah,

Ah, sad th' exchange which human folly made,
 Salvation's sun-shine for a stygian shade ;
 No single bane, millions the error hurl'd,
 From climes immortal to a wretched world.
 O know your lapse, and bid your sorrows flow,
 With all the pathos of repentant woe :
 Yet not as void of hope, for Jesus reigns,
 Almighty Jesus, sov'reignty maintains,
 O'er all the azure fields of bliss above,
 And issues placarts of his dying love.
 Ye crouds, imprison'd in guilt's iron cell,
 Contiguous to the burning caves of hell ;
 Whether you've been damnation's fierce dragoons,
 To plunge the fair where boiling Phlegethon runs.
 Perhaps, you've delug'd realms with guiltless blood,
 And to the church your butchery pursu'd ;
 Or such a name your impious passion clothes,
 As hell detests, and smoky tophet loathes.
 Consider him, whose love divinely rolls,
 A balmy ocean for your spotted souls,
 And dive by faith ; all go polluted in,
 But all emerge, as holy, pure, and clean :
 None here, his sordid hateful vice retains,
 Nor wisheth once, his fetters or his chains.

AWAKE,

AWAKE, ye men, supinely sunk, awake,
 Your moral slumber off this moment shake;
 See Sinai there, with her tremendous low'r,
 Hark! tophet issues his undying roar!
 If down his gloomy deeps, your souls are thrown,
 You'll under fiery billows ever groan;
 Ah, there atoning love will never reach,
 Though modern doctors softer tenets preach;
 Such smooth tongu'd rev'rends, sure are able well,
 To fix a period to the years of hell!
 Elude the storm of storms, to Jesus come,
 For ev'ry size of culprits there is room.
 Believe, and He will all your foes destroy,
 And waft your souls to bliss on rills of joy;
 From dungeons raise you to seraphic thrones,
 And name you th' Almighty's fav'rite sons."

THUS the oration clos'd, and on her face,
 Goodness seem'd all its native charms t' impress.
 Thousands the godlike eloquence admir'd,
 And with its noble energy were fir'd.
 Hence Salem, martyr'd armies sweetly yields,
 And with her converts glads salvation's fields.

JESUS,

JESUS, once more, I'll crown thee with my song,
 Thou hast my heart, my head, my hands, my tongue.
 O shed thy love, diffuse thy fruits abroad,
 Thou fairest Tree, in th' Eden of our God;
 Beneath thy fragrant branches may I sit,
 And in the sacred umbrage find delight,
 While I thy church provoke, to join my lays,
 In singing thy divine unrivall'd praise.

YE virgin faints, dear purchase of his blood,
 First fruits of his redeeming work to God :
 To him you owe your palms, and rubied wreaths,
 Your grand redemption, from the death of deaths !
 On silver thrones, as you attune the lyre,
 And lead majestic the supernal choir ;
 Let hallelujahs sweetest symphonies meet,
 Let hallelujahs all his love repeat ;
 Let hallelujahs make his mercy known,
 Ascend as heavenly odours to his throne :
 And ye blood-bought, and wash'd, of later times,
 From various nations sprung, in various climes,
 The gen'ral pour of hallelujahs join,
 In one great chorous, deathless and divine.

O N

B E N E V O L E N C E.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To R. S. Esquire, of Bristol.

COME heavenly muse, Urania deign t' inspire,
Enwrap my soul with thy celestial fire ;
To pour harmonious measures, teach my tongue,
Till angels listen to my flowing song.
And thou, O patron, lend a gentle ear,
And on the brow, the writer's numbers wear ;
Nor thank the bard, for what he doth bestow,
As thy great soul first taught the lines to flow.

IMMORTAL Virgil, wedded to the nine,
Unrivall'd sang, munificence divine ;

He

He fang a Scipio, and Auguftus too,
 And gave to noble deeds their plaudits due.
 His grateful foul knew not its ardour lefs,
 The donor's gift, as hero's arms to blefs.
 Scipio was great, Auguftus good and kind,
 This takes the foul, that charms the human mind :
 Hence, office of perpetuator bears,
 And gives to each, a throne among the ftars.

HORACE, not nurs'd to arms, he fled the field,
 Did toils of war, for deathlefs laurels yield.
 He with th' Aonian maids, would sport and play,
 In youthful dalliance fling his hours away.
 Though form'd his verfe for his Apollo's lyre,
 And wrapt his foul with pure poetic fire,
 He'd not to worth deny his crowning lays,
 Nor be unmindful of his patron's praife.
 Mecænas often urg'd his warmeft fong,
 And flung the meafures freely from his tongue.

WHEN great victorious Room had quell'd the world,
 And from their feats, had kings and kingdoms hurl'd,
 The thund'ring eagle with imperious fway,
 Flam'd on the flag, and fumm'n'd thrones to obey ;

At her dread feet, see crown'd supplants bow,
 And trembling sceptred slaves allegiance vow.
 Bathing in blood, and wrapt in peerless arms,
 She strikes vast empires dead with wars alarms;
 Till nothing left to conquer, all subdu'd,
 And fully fated all her sons with blood.
 They turn their wishful eyes from sanguine Mars,
 And Venus court, as daughter of the stars;
 Bow to her shrine, praise her with softest song,
 As she by milk-white doves is drawn along.
 Present their Ovid, she their gift approves,
 And bids him warble of gay smiling loves.
 The silken poet feeds the amorous flame,
 And lights up torches to th' insidious dame;
 Boasts his great skill, in each alluring art,
 Of captivating Julia's easy heart:
 But when from love, and pleasures softness free,
 She'd twine a wreath, Benevolence for thee.

BUT I, the meanest of the tuneful race,
 Boast not that fire, which Virgil's numbers grace;
 Nor can with Ovid's melting measures vie,
 Much less with Horace, charm a list'ning sky:

Yet I'll essay to pour melodious strains,
 While grateful thought, or sentiment remains ;
 Since Scudamore demands my warmest song,
 And claims the thankful tribute of my tongue.

HAIL, generous friend, may happy skies,
 Eternal roll, successive rise,

No cloud e'er intervene:
 No midnight shade, or hurtful gloom,
 To damp thy flowing joys presume,
 But all be quite serene.

As waves on mildest evening seas,
 That only feel the fanning breeze,

So may thy moments glide :
 Yet may each hour as it comes on,
 And brings tranquility alone,
 Forth flow with happier tide.

MAY summer, autumn, and the spring,
 Perpetual smile, perpetual sing,

Around thy roseat bowers :
 No winter with his killing frosts,
 No brutal blasts disturb thy coasts,
 Or nip thy balmy flow'rs.

Yet may the gently falling dews,
Fertility around diffuse,
 Ambrosial odours rise :
Calm zephyrs bring their soft'ning gales,
And Flora glad thy blooming vales,
 As she recumbant lies.

Ye angels, mind your sacred care,
Preserve his life from ev'ry snare,
 From beliel's lurking sons :*
So shall you merit brighter meeds,
And be by such propitious deeds,
 Advanc'd to higher thrones.

And when poor changing time is o'er,
And vital spirits act no more,
 But quit the heavy clay :
Convoy to unsublunary blifs,
That noble worthy soul of his,
 To glad your endless day.

* Alluding to a burglary committed at his country seat.

On V I R T U E.

HIGH on a pearly throne fair Virtue reigns,
 Amid those ever verdorous plains,
 Where dews æthereal fall, and heav'n ambrosia rains:
 The glories of the triple colour'd bow,
 The radiance of yon zenith-climbing day,
 Are languid, to the splendid charms which flow;
 Is fable, to the pure effulgent ray,
 Ambient, her majesty serene,
 And view'd with rapture on her more than angel mien,

GREAT almoner to nature's Founder, she
 In firm possession holds both earth and skies,
 Deputed by the sacred Deity,
 To crown with noblest meeds the good and wise;
 The good and wise, a double boon receive;
 What bliss these transitory climes can give,
 And to sweet hope, what joys in brighter worlds may
 Yet like her Patron, bountiful to all, [live;
 Ah, would the libertine before her fall,
 Not as her rival false, he'd prove her kind,
 And own great Virtue benefactress of mankind.

ON THAT
 INUNDATION OF VICE,
 WHICH
 OVERSPREAD THE NATION
 UPON THE RESTORATION OF
 CHARLES THE SECOND:
 WITH A FRAGMENT AGAINST
 BLASPHEMY AND IMMORALITY.

WHEN anarchy of yore, with baleful eyes,
 Her thousand sabres brandish'd in the skies,
 And discord fair Britannia's vitals tore,
 Covering her verd'rous plains with native gore.
 Anon, intestine bellowing horrors cease,
 And th' impress wraps herself once more with peace;
 Once banish'd monarchy with smiles returns,
 And gratitude to Heaven divinely burns:

THE

THE devil chagrin'd at Albion's sunny days,
 With wonted spleen her future bane essays ;
 Convenes to divan, all his black compares,
 And loud as thunder utters in their ears,
 My vet'rans brave, in ancient years renown'd,
 Wholong against Heav'n's prowess stood your ground,
 Too oft we've ween'd by arms to overthrow,
 The vaunting terror of our haughty foe ;
 But ah, by cruel fate, so fix'd his throne,
 Our open measures double ire brought down ;
 Yet not so great, as quite to hinder skill,
 By subtle deeds t' oppose his horrid will :
 With these make effort — See there securely smiles,
 As our antagonist bids, that chief of isles ;
 Though late we rode in our triumphal car,
 And fields, with fields engag'd, in bloody war,
 By his curs'd mandate all our chiefs are driven,
 From where we judge, was up to ravage given.
 See there, what domes are rising to his name,
 What altars smoaking with the hateful flame :
 How shall we act ? new projects let us try,
 His purpose to evade, or to destroy ;
 That seems all-diligent this land to bless,
 And bids it richest gifts and smiles possess.

Go,

Go, go my mates, and rove over yonder strand,
 And pour your poison on the bounded land ;
 Bid prince and peasant, mendicant, and bard,
 Supernal grace atrociously reward ;
 Possess the poet with your native fire,
 And teach the priest to temporize for hire :
 Instruct how consciences are bought and sold,
 And all a dream, but pleasure, wine, and gold.
 As pestilential ruin, may you run,
 And visit every corner with the fun.

HE spoke, and two infernal columns flew,
 To assume the task, to each assign'd, their due.
 A legion light upon a regal seat,
 Superbly fine, magnificently great ;
 Through hurricanes of fire, and seas of blood,
 Brought safely there, her owner, by his God,
 T' enjoy repose, and calm the sceptre bear,
 As Albion's Sire, that heaven deputed care.
 This chief, to this dire counsel hearing lent,
 And all his days in profligacy spent,
 As if t' obtain the grand applause of hell,
 By acting lecher, and the sinner well.

[His

His grandees vied in madness with their lord,
 And grace and virtue tumbled overboard.
 Replete his court with bucks, and bloods, and beaus,
 And something worse, as Heaven truly knows.
 The sounds of Charles's fame thro' th' empire ring,
 And ah, the subjects must be like their king;
 'Twere sedition, worthy of ire condign,
 Not as a Wilmot, or a Villars shine.
 Soldiers and sailors, cobblers, and so forth,
 Learn'd now to keep a miss, or mouth an oath.

THE second legion as a sable cloud,
 Descends on what was clep'd the church of God;
 The mitred gaudens of that lordly day,
 Their black directors chearfully obey;
 By court assistance, senatorial aid,
 A dreadful gap in Zion's walls was made.
 A double thousand stars, hurl'd from their spheres,
 And angels wept the fall, with balmy tears.
 Ah hell, ah hierarchy, ah thou filken crown,
 Enough for these so far to feel your frown,
 So as you might have all the plunder shar'd,
 And yet their usefulness have kindly spar'd.

No

No more an Owen pours his eloquence,
 Nor charms a Bates with his immortal sense.
 Silenc'd a Baxter's soft persuasive tongue,
 And venerable Howe denied his song;
 Nor Manton suffer'd to harangue the crowd,
 With moving lectures on a dying God.

THUS Stuart and Morley, lent a helping hand,
 For vice to pour her deluge o'er the land.
 This highly griev'd the bright attentive mind,
 Of Britain's Regent, powerful and kind;
 As Michael, Israel's prince of yore, so he,
 Is Albion's, mission'd by the Deity;
 Or rather prime of that æthereal band,
 That round her borders fix their daily stand;
 But gather most where royal George appears,
 And for his safety use angelic cares;
 With port august, and limpid piercing eye,
 And voice as music in the vaulted sky,
 And rais'd elate upon a lunar bow,
 Whose radiance charm'd th' admiring crowds below,
 While pompous glories, with day-vying sheen,
 Flow'd round his orb, and rob'd his beauteous mien!

In

In grateful attitude divinely spoke,
 And urg'd his charge to break their iron yoke;
 Their iron yoke of luxury and pride,
 And stem immorality's infernal tide;
 Much eloquence against profaneness us'd,
 And with these words, the sweet oration clos'd.

O BLASPHEMY accurst, thou breath of hell,
 The fury's dialect, and the harpy's yell:
 Why hath man learnt thee? why will he invoke?
 Yea, dare th' Omnipotent's uplifted stroke?
 O Britain, stand aloof, thy ambient air,
 Corrupted is, with execrable prayer;
 Contiguous nations dread thee — O decline,
 Thy impious audacity and sin,
 Lest future judgments pour on double ire,
 And for thy crimes plunge thee in fiercer fire.

THOUGH specious voice unfold her silken wing,
 With gaudy plume, as the firens sing,
 Erect her baleful nest amid the stars,
 And with her music seem to charm the spheres.
 May Albion's sons with eager arms embrace,
 The beauteous form of bliss-securing grace:

Æthereal

Æthereal born, prime offspring of the sky,
 With her ambrosial smiles, and placid eye,
 Possess'd of her, in all her heavenly charms,
 The ravish'd mind is fix'd, the bosom warms;
 A flood of glory breaks upon the soul,
 And joys, on joys, in sweet succession roll.
 No longer vice, an angel aspect wears,
 But dungeon horror on her brow appears,
 And fearful gathering storms impendant low'r,
 Ready her frantic votaries to devour:
 Ah, monster hideous, at a distance seen,
 Through hell's perspective, like some radiant queen,
 How art thou chang'd by reason's truer ken,
 To a spectre, fable wing'd, of blackest den?
 Thou cause of human loss, and human woe,
 Kindler of wrath above, and fires below;
 In flames abyssmal hide thy snaky head,
 Nor Albion's beach pollute with horrid head.

O N

THE SLAVE TRADE.*

O COMMERCE dire, big with infernal crimes,
 This sanguine traffic of enlight'ned times.
 This black ferocious hunting after men,
 Deserves the curses of a Virgil's pen.
 O had I Homer's genius, Pindar's fire,
 Or could as Watts, with verses feed the lyre,
 I'd vie in poignance each satiric line,
 With which the pages of the Dunciad shine;
 The barking wolves, and midnight owls command,
 To hoot the hydra from this happy land!

[* This piece may more properly be considered an ex-
 ecration upon the Slave Trade in general, than a re-
 gular description of the various methods used in the
 process of that diabolical business.

Call

Call up the dragons from their snaky cell,
 To blast the dæmon to his native hell ;
 Apply the scourges of Alecto's rod,
 And flog the butcher out of thirst for blood,
 But ah, the muse despairs t' obtain her ends,
 To touch these callous unrelenting fiends.

EMBARK'D, th' inhuman blood-hound dares the seas,
 His human prey rapaciously to seize.
 Ye deeps be friendly, spare the captive's tear,
 And to an unknown port the tyger bear.
 Rise all ye storms, impetuous blasts arise,
 Ye clouds, with horror cloath the vaulted skies :
 Blow off the shark, ye gusts, to dreary coasts,
 Where squallid furies dance with haggard ghosts ;
 Where wretched human foot hath never trod,
 To where before no mortal found the road.
 Here disappointed in his execrable views,
 May all his senses, all their savage lose ;
 Yet, he repentance find, by grace of Heaven,
 Pardon obtain, and leave this earth forgiven.

BUT O ye aiding winds, why did you land,
 This bloody cacus on a friendly strand ?

G

O woe,

O woe, woe, woe, to Guinea's wretched sons,
 I must their horrid doom, and fate pronounce:
 The captain comes, to seize without delay,
 And as a lion fierce, to clasp his prey,
 Behold him, tearing husband from the wife!
 Disjointing all the social ties of life!
 Hearing his Heav'n-form'd species in his cell,
 Himself the devil! and his bark, their hell!
 While from the beach, sky-rending shrieks declare,
 What frantic mothers, and what orphans there!
 Pouring their execrations on his head,
 Bidding th' Almighty's thunder strike him dead:
 But vengeance yet delays, he clears the coast,
 Deaf to their cries, to their entreaties lost!
 And of the softer sex, ah! wretched too,
 He largely deals to his libidinous crew!
 With appetite canine, they seize, they feed,
 And glory in the fell hell-blushing deed!
 My heart-strings tremble, and my blood recoils,
 Fierce indignation in my spirit boils!
 Didst thou at Atreus's deed, shrink back, O sun?
 And will not this, thy orb, to midnight turn?

'MIDST all restraint, impartially made known,
 By all the laws of Heaven's unerring throne,
 Who gave the man a latitude so great?
 Who thy co-equals laid beneath thy feet?
 Who bade thee foreign regions to explore,
 And wantonly invade a friendly shore;
 Nature's free sons, in servile chains to bind,
 And fordid cattle make of human kind?
 Ah, fever thirst for gold! O curst desire,
 Eager as hell, that burning, quenchless fire.

BAPTIZ'D barbarians, hear th' unpolish'd lay,
 By tygers suckled on your natal day;
 Or nurs'd by wolves of most voracious breed,
 Or monsters sprung from furious Geryon's seed.
 O hear, ye fiends, and tremble while you hear,
 And for severest strokes your backs prepare!
 Infernal tortures shall your souls possess;
 Your hopes cut off from Heaven's long suff'ring grace!
 Th' undying worm shall on your vitals prey,
 And on your heads, hell all her engines play,
 Unless repentance weeps its tears of blood,
 And turns your dev'lish natures unto God.

" O THOU, whose power in ancient periods broke,
 From off thine Israel's neck, th' Ægyptian yoke:
 Ah, let these abjects groans, now reach the skies,
 And force compassion from all-seeing eyes!
 Canst thou look down, and not with pity look?
 Are they not pages in great Nature's book?
 Hast thou not cast their clay in human mould?
 And for their lives, was not the Saviour sold?
 Are yearnings from thy tender bowels fled?
 Doth judgment reign alone? *Is mercy dead?*
 Ah, let them bless the day when freedom dawns,
 And throws her radiance o'er the shaded lawns;
 Invoking thee to end what is begun,
 To usher liberty's meridian sun.

T E D E U M.

THE INVOCATION.

COME, Holy Ghost, primeval fire,
Invok'd by seers of old ;
While wrapt with thy prophetic rays,
They heavenly visions told.

Come and possess my yielding powers,
And hither fix thy throne ;
And let thy sceptre mild be sway'd,
Unrivall'd and alone.

'Tis thine to raise my grov'ling thoughts,
To bright devotion's joys ;
To teach my soul with wing sublime,
To fasten on the skies.

And dove-like on my spirit move,
 With influence benign ;
 There ev'ry temper sweetly plant,
 That's grateful and divine.

Great Salem boasts thine hallow'd flame,
 Her soul, her day, her sun ;
 And moral stars struck up by thee,
 Auspicious courses run.

Come, Holy Ghost, primeval fire,
 Me feed with sacred rays ;
 Then shall this kindled nature glow,
 With gratitude and praise.

H Y M N I.

We praise Thee, O G O D.

O THOU, enthron'd above the sky,
 Thou great and good, thou just and high ;
 Supernal powers before thee fall,
 As King, and sov'reign Lord of all.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's first-born glories drink the rays,
 Of thy august surrounding blaze ;
 Or plung'd in love's unbounded sea,
 They lose themselves in bliss and thee.

Immortal splendours as they rise,
 And tow'r those ever beauteous skies,
 Thy peerless majesty proclaim,
 And pour their blessings on thy name.

Archangels swell the happy song,
 As by the groves they walk along ;
 Celestial bow'rs, and verd'rous plains,
 Witness their sweet melodious strains.

Cherubs, and seraphs, nobly laud,
 Thee, as the great omnific God !
 In burning rows those radiant choirs,
 Strike off thy praise on silver lyres.

And mortals, though on earthly ground,
 To whom salvation's joys abound,
 With ardours grateful, and divine,
 To praise thy name, O God, combine.

HYMN

H Y M N II.

We acknowledge Thee, to be the Lord.

WITH flaming gratitude we own,
'Twas thy great pow'r, and thine alone,
That form'd this earth, these heav'ns, this sky,
That bade these clouds around us fly.

Wrapt in thine own essential blaze,
Thy Godhead beam'd its fulgent rays,
Ere chaos heard thy thund'ring voice,
Or smiling love made heaven rejoice.

Yet, that unnumber'd worlds might share,
Thy providence, and generous care,
Thou gav'st the first ador'd command,
And blooming nature blest thy hand.

Angelic,

Angelic, human, all receive,
From thee, their bliss, in thee, they live ;
Whether in lovely æther clad,
Or of terrestrial matter made.

Whether with azure wing they soar,
Or shrilling strains melodious pour ;
Or sport along the verdant lawns,
As on the hills fair morning dawns.

Hail nature's Sire, paternal Cause,
O mould our bosoms to thy laws ;
To this drear clime, thy light afford,
Then shall we own thee sov'reign Lord.

H Y M N III.

All the earth doth worship Thee.

TO thee, great God, alone to thee,
As self-existing Deity,
This earth, her grateful tribute pays,
Chear'd by the blessings of thy grace.

The

The feather'd armies tune their throats,
 And praise thee with their artless notes ;
 Thy tender pity feeds their young,
 And they give thee their sweetest song.

While that which walks, or swiftly swims,
 With golden scales, or stately limbs,
 In thy paternal cares rejoice,
 And praise thee with a various voice.

But man, by bringing forth the din,
 And noise of black discordant sin,
 Jars with the grand harmonious choir,
 Of music made to nature's Sire.

Yet, hath thy love rais'd up a seed,
 Triumphant, glorious, blest indeed,
 In ev'ry clime beneath the sky,
 Thy grace t'adore and magnify.

These virtuous peaceful sons of earth,
 Of mortal, and immortal birth,
 Fall prostrate, worship, and proclaim,
 Th'unrivall'd honours of thy name.

HYMN

H Y M N IV.

The Father Everlasting.

ETERNAL Source of light divine,
What power can be compar'd with thine?
In vain our thoughts assay and swell,
To grasp th' Incomprehensible.

Archangels prime of heaven's sons,
Seated sublime on kingly thrones,
The depths of Godhead cannot see,
Nor can they measure days with thee.

Ere they were crown'd with rosy joys,
Or had a mansion in the skies,
Thine essence was th' unchanging same,
And great Eternity! thy name.

The

The longest period of their days,
But as a point to boundless space ;
Compar'd with thine, the years they boast,
Are all immers'd, in thought, and lost.

That man's immortal, is the pride,
Of partners with the Crucify'd ;
That they're immortal, greatly fires,
Yon radiant thrones, yon starry choirs.

But oh! eternity's abyfs!
Ye men and angels, ponder this,
To Deity alone is known,
And everlasting is his own.

H Y M N V.

*To Thee, all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all
the powers therein.*

To Thee, cherubin and seraphin, continually do cry.

TO praise that name archangels know,
And known by love on earth below ;
The glorious ranks of bliss combine,
With acclamations all divine.

The prime in glory, first in praise,
Seraphic powers their voices raise,
Or nobly sweep the dulcet string,
While countless numbers sweetly sing.

In heaven there stands a lofty dome,
With massy music in her room,
Exactly hung, by sinless hands,
Obsequious to divine commands.

The strong nerv'd cherubs greatly ply,
 And shake the vast cerulean sky ;
 The sounding metal loudly chimes,
 And flings new pleasure o'er the climes.

Or on a verd'rous flow'ry hill,
 Sublime o'er life's delicious rill,
 They summon all the sons of song,
 Of charming lay, and various tongue.

By some high tuneful spirit led,
 Perhaps a Gabriel was the head :
 Or he, of name, to earth unknown,
 That first with hymns address'd the throne.

Not voice alone the organ clear,
 And harp, with pure majestic air ;
 The horn melodious, melting flute,
 And angel-handlers of the lute.

At what time fair creation rose,
 With pearly diadems on her brows,
 When the bright cryst'line æther rang,
 And all the stars together sang.

From

From these they make auspicious choice,
 Of those high fam'd, for parts, or voice ;
 Who best can strike the sounding key,
 Or pour the full harmonious lay.

These ample preparations bring,
 Heav'n's smiling crowds on downy wing ;
 Whether with wonder new t' admire,
 Or lend assistance to the choir.

And God himself, if I may dare,
 To name that Being, gods revere ;
 To all his creatures ever kind,
 To hear their praises, bends his mind.

Now all prepar'd, while balmy gales,
 Their incense raise from odorous vales ;
 And tow'ring amaranthine bowers,
 Impart a tribute of their flowers.

Off th' æthereal music flies,
 Vocal, with instrumental vies ;
 To matchless strains aspires each tongue,
 And this the subject of their song.

HYMN

H Y M N VI.

*To God the Father.**

Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Saboath.

AUGUST thy name, JEHOVAH great!
What power with thee can vie?

In light empyreal flames thy seat,
Thy footstool is the sky.

Thy sanctity's unsuff'ring ray,

Dissolves these lesser fires :

Before it flies created day,

And into shades retires.

And this the robe of glow serene,

Thy spotless essence wears : †

Dayless, heaven's brightest orb is seen,

When he with it compares.

** This, and the twelve following Odes, must be considered as being sung by angels.*

† *Exodus xv. 11.*

Yet,

Yet, thy dread presence fills all space,
Fills heaven, earth, and air ;
And if we hell's dire regions trace,
We sure shall find thee there.

Thy wond'rous hand with matchless power,
Created all that is :
Thee Lord, our happy souls adore,
The donor of our bliss.

Not only heaven's transcendant heights,
Proclaim omnific God !
But earth, and all those starry lights,
Promulge thy power abroad.

Nor can ought ever be conceal'd,
From thine omniscient eyes ;
Earth's dark designs are all unseal'd,
And tophet naked lies.

But, O infinity transcends,
The highest sounds we raise :
Immers'd in this, our concert ends,
A debtor to thy praise.

H Y M N VII.

To G O D the S O N.

O THOU of pure balsamic name,
Ev'n blifs is dignified,
Enrich'd by thee, th' atoning Lamb,
For mortals crucified.

Though firm angelic orders prove,
Possess their ancient feat;
Yet, in a Saviour's dying love,
They nameless wonders meet.

How would heaven's noblest music fail,
Her harps neglected lie,
Did not redemption's wond'rous tale,
Transport a list'ning sky.

Immortal

Immortal plaudits on the Man,
 Ye deities bestow,
 That was on fanguine Calv'ry slain,
 And tasted death below.

Immortal plaudits on the God,
 That with triumphant flight,
 Ascended this empyrean road,
 From deepest shades of night.

See these æthereal regions rise,
 Myriads the armies swell;
 Redeem'd to heaven's ambrosial life,
 From sin, disease, and hell.

Thrice hail, auspicious sons of grace,
 Bought by the Saviour's blood;
 And by his glorious righteousness,
 Made kings and priests to God.

Renew your ardour, all ye choirs,
 Since JESUS is the song!
 His love demands your noblest fires,
 And most harmonious tongue.

HYMN

H Y M N VIII.

To GOD the HOLY GHOST.

ERE fair harmonious nature rose,
With all her tuneful spheres,
Thou didst with Deity repose,
And know co-equal years.

Thine agency, high Godhead fought,
When Wisdom fix'd the plan,
To rear creation out of nought,
Or rescue peccant man.

And from the everlasting throne,
Thy dove-form'd radiance flew,
And its grand energy made known,
To shouting angels view.

Primeval

Primeval horrors felt thy glade,
Pierce through their central gloom ;
And downs with lovely green array'd,
Burst from their ancient womb.

Thee, we extol, O birthless Light !
By whom the prophets spoke,
Of Israel's freedom, from the weight
Of Babel's iron yoke.

Both Jew and Gentile, seer and sage,
Drank in their early day ;
Of ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age,
From thy inspiring ray.

But, O what splendour Zion boasts,
What sov'reign glory flames,
Adorn'd with beauty all her coasts,
Diffusing heavenly beams.

While ev'ry member honour'd is,
With thy renewing power ;
And thee, their pledge of deathless bliss,
Their grateful souls adore.

Hail,

Hail, thou irradiating fire,
From the eternal Sun ;
With holy ardour of desire,
We in thy worship burn.

H Y M N IX.

To the blessed and glorious Three,

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
By angelic thrones ador'd ;
Thee we laud with joyous tongues,
Raptur'd hearts, and humble songs.

Hallelujah.

Deep thine essence, and unknown,
Secret th' order of thy throne :
Angels of sublimest wing,
Highly wonder while they sing.

Hallelujah.

Man,

Man, thou animated clod,
Half a fool, would'st be a god?
Godhead mocks thy daring flight,
Wrapt with shades of mental night.

Hallelujah.

He the lovely truth reveals,
Yet the mystery conceals :
Blush thy stupid insolence,
God to fathom, poor pretence.

Hallelujah.

We, the holy Three believe;
We, the sacred faith receive :
Shout, salvation's ev'ry son,
Th' One in Three! and Three in One!

Hallelujah.

Grateful as refreshing gales,
From those spicy odorous vales :
Purest breath of roseat bow'rs,
Rise this ardent praise of ours.

Hallelujah.

Constant

Constant as that tuneful rill,
Warbles to the distant hill :
Shall our ceaseless songs arise,
Swell the chorus of the skies.

Hallelujah.

Ye smiling heavens, nobly raise,
Tow'ring altars to his praise ;
Bid them emulate his throne,
Sov'reign mercy to make known.

Hallelujah.

Hear, ye worlds, remote and near,
On these hallow'd piles we'll rear,
Deathless honours to his name,
Glory brighten with the same.

Hallelujah.

Why, thou foe to God and men,
Dar'st Omnipotence contemn?
He shall surely crush thy head,
Strike the guilty rebel dead.

Hallelujah.

God

God of armies! thee we bless,
Who can matchless pow'r express?
Pow'r that reigns without controul,
Long as endless ages roll.

Hallelujah.

Forth thou led'st the angel-throng,
Swift thy squadrons flew along;
Vanquish'd the fatanic crew,
Darkest deeps their downfall knew.

Hallelujah.

Pow'rful goodness us upheld,
When bright hierarchies rebell'd;
Sav'd us from a lapse so dire,
Stubborn guilt, and quenchless fire.

Hallelujah.

Yet from stain thine essence free,
Holy God, no spot on thee!
No wrong influence of pow'r,
Caus'd the sad disastrous hour.

Hallelujah.

Endless pleasures we partake ;
They, the plagues of yonder lake :
On seraphic sounds we dwell ;
They inhale the breath of hell.

Hallelujah.

Prime of glory's precious gems,
Love, humanity redeems ;
Lifts his own immortal heirs,
To mansions high'r than the stars.

Hallelujah.

Hail! salvation, Mercy's child,
Lovely, placid, meek and mild ;
With ambrosia laden wings,
Liberty thy presence brings.

Hallelujah.

Freedom from the fiery chain,
Liberty to prison'd man ;
Leave to range immortal fields,
T' enjoy the pleasure heav'n yields.

Hallelujah.

Rise,

Rise, thou universe arise,
Bring thine ample sacrifice ;
Crown with everlasting meeds,
Thy Sire's blest magnific deeds.

Hallelujah.

Bid thy num'rous suns unite,
With thy worlds opaque and bright,
In pouring th' august acclaim,
Of high honours on his name.

Hallelujah.

Gently drop balsamic dews,
Lively odours round diffuse ;
Nature, all thy sweets disclose,
Breathe thy fragrance, blushing rose.

Hallelujah.

Chief, O thou cherubic hymn,
Celebrate this matchless theme :
May the fainted poet's verse
It, with seraph's strains rehearse.

Hallelujah.

Flow,

Flow, celestial measures flow,
Solemn organs clearly blow ;
Tuneful violins assay,
Strike ye lyres, the finest key.

Hallelujah.

Golden trumpets, be not mute,
Lure the stars, thou melting flute ;
Ariel choiristers combine,
Make the melody divine.

Hallelujah.

Fair æthereal spirits sing,
Happiest voice and sweetest string,
In majestic concert move,
Worthy of Almighty Love.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N X.

*Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy
glory.*

THESE glorious regions speak thy praise,
Where Godhead beams superior rays,
Of animating bliss :
Or they, with sacred awe, the power
Of vast infinity adore,
And Deity confess.

The beauty of these worlds divine,
Their matchless beauty proves them thine,
The product of thy skill :
Whilst views of these æthereal bowers,
And those empyrean lofty towers,
Our souls with pleasure fill.

Nor to these heav'ns alone confin'd,
 Are our ideas, mighty Mind,
 But range an ample round :
 Thy goodness shines on all beneath,
 And visits men of mortal breath,
 And sin polluted ground.

Ten thousand suns and stars proclaim,
 The thunder of thy dreadful name,
 To black rebellious man :
 While heavenly love o'er all presides,
 Whom Truth directs, whom Meekness guides,
 And they shall with thee reign.

H Y M N XI.

P A R T I.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

YE bright apostles of the Lamb,
 That burn with ardour to his name ;
 Ye were his witnesses below,
 Did God Incarnate, see and know !

Obey'd

Obey'd him as your sov'reign Lord,
 Sat at his feet, and heard his word ;
 Your happy souls, now glorify,
 This Jesus in the Deity.

Ye saw the wonders of his hand,
 Fill with amazement, Judah's land ;
 He the immortal curtain drew,
 And open'd glory to your view :
 And those sweet lips their silence broke,
 In diction, mortal never spoke ;
 While that grave port, and beauteous mien,
 Evinc'd God habitant with men.

Ye saw the Man of grief and pain ;
 You saw the Lamb on Calv'ry slain !
 Ye heard his bitter groans and cries ;
 You saw him bleed and close his eyes :
 Look there ! is that the dying God,
 You once saw bath'd in tears and blood ?
 Your ransom'd spirits answer, yes,
 And boast in him superior bliss.

P A R T II.

THE van of all the ransom'd train,
The great apostles stand;
And pour their most melodious strain,
O'er all the happy land.

They gladly follow'd Jesus, where
Their direful foe prevail'd;
Where death and ev'ry baneful snare,
Their active feet assail'd.

The peerless wonders of the cross,
They made their darling theme;
Accounting golden di'dems dross,
To Jesus' lovely name.

Salvation through their Master's blood,
The subject of their cries;
Sinner, "Behold the Lamb of God!
Thy soul without him dies."

The filken net they largely spread,
On nature's moral sea ;
The gentile shoals divinely led,
Became their glorious prey.

Myriads were sweetly gather'd in,
Miraculous the grace ;
Gather'd amid the lures of sin,
To Salem's resting place.

But envious hell with lurid frown,
Her stormy tempests hurl'd
The apostolic bark to drown,
And sink the Christian world.

The axe, the rack, or sword, or fire,
Dispatch'd their souls to heaven ;
There seated with the radiant choir,
They've crowns of glory given.

Therefore the Lord of earth and sky,
They gratefully adore ;
And with immortal armies vie,
In plaudits of his power.

To Jesus, who on earth they lov'd,
Whose splendour now they see ;
Who hath their mighty Saviour prov'd,
Eternal praises be.

H Y M N XII.

P A R T I.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets, praise Thee.

THE glitt'ring file of ancient seers,
Before Jehovah bows ;
Grac'd with the palms, great vict'ry wears,
And starry wreathed brows.

Whether with numbers grand and free,
They fed th' harmonious lyre ;
Or a descending Deity,
Did song sublime inspire.

Or

Or over destin'd Salem pour'd,
The ocean of their eyes,
T' avert th' impending brandish'd sword
Of an avenging skies.

Perhaps by fiery whirlwinds rapt,
They scal'd th' æthereal blue :
Or by the sword, of time bereft,
To heav'n the spirit flew.

Regardless of these moral funs,
Sad Israel quench'd their light ;
While darkness through the region runs,
And spreads Egyptian night.

While mimic deities provoke,
These champions of their God ;
Their sacred bodies feel the stroke
Of persecution's rod.

P A R T II.

BUT now a close, a joyful close,
To all their griefs they see ;
A glory, which no period knows,
A blest eternity.

Dear weeping bards, no mournful lay,
Your pungent sorrows paint ;
Nor execrated now the day,
When Heaven you being lent.

How are the tragic measures chang'd,
To odes of happy song ?
As by the founts of bliss you're rang'd,
Or walk the groves along.

Thou tongue of pure seraphic tip,
And fraught with holy fire ;
That flung from thy prophetic lip,
The diction we admire.

Of hath our music made a pause,
And we have list'ning stood,
To hear thee sing a future cross,
Sustain a dying God.

O Being vast ! O Power benign !
How glorious are thy ways ;
The goodly fellowship combine
Of prophets in thy praise.

H Y M N XIII

P A R T I.

The noble army of martyrs, praise Thee.

THRICE hail ! ye conq'ring sons of grace,
Heroic heirs of righteousness ;
Safe brought through prison, fire and sword,
To reign triumphant with your Lord.

Make grand assay, ye hymning choirs;
 And strike more loud your tuneful lyres,
 Let more melodious strains arise,
 To greet their advent to the skies.

Ascended safe from seas of blood!
 And wreath'd as victors by your God;
 Welcome, ye noble race to heaven!
 The rest enjoy, by Jesus given.

Here sit on everlasting thrones,
 And wear your pearly deathless crowns;
 Or pour the music of your tongues,
 And glad salvation with your songs.

Or if you chuse yon glossy mount,
 Contiguous to th' immortal fount,
 Ye may have freedom thither too,
 Heaven no denial knows to you.

Loud hallelujahs to the Name,
 By whom you sin and death o'ercame;
 And bravely burst the azure way,
 To portals of eternal day.

P A R T II.

YE glorious champions of the skies,
To love, a noble sacrifice:
We saw the hosts of hell malign,
And fallen powers against you join.

We saw you burn for Jesu's name,
And clap your hands amid the flame:
With hov'ring wing we round you clung,
And vict'ry to the Saviour sung.

While seraphs shew'd their love sincere;
And angels wept the balmy tear—
Touch'd with the agonizing pain,
Your sacred bodies must sustain.

Ere the malignant smart was o'er,
Or ceas'd the burning to devour,

We

We all were ready to convoy,
Your ransom'd spirits to the sky.

That you are sweetly lodg'd above,
Secur'd by everlasting Love ;
We joyous praise, adore, and laud,
The sov'reign goodness of our God.

These happy climes no Alva's bear,
Nor are there sanguine Bonners here :
That hand, which impious Rome subdues,
With rubied wreaths adorns your brows !

O Goodness vast ! O sov'reign Power !
Whom heav'n's cherubic throngs adore :
To thee, the martyrs worship pay,
Throughout an everlasting day.

H Y M N XIV.

The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

THE happy ransom'd souls below,
That Jesus love, that Jesus know ;
Of ev'ry clime, and ev'ry name,
Make thee, O God, their glorious theme.

They sing thy all-creating power,
And as their Maker, thee adore :
That sov'reign goodness make their trust,
That form'd their armies from the dust.

Nor less, thy providential grace,
Demands their sweet returns of praise :
Each hour, successive mercies spring,
Each hour, preserving might they sing.

While motives still superior, claim
The fervour of the noble flame :
Redemption heightens the detail
Of gifts, in love's unceasing tale !

This kindles the immortal fire,
And winds th' ardors higher and higher,
Pours on the soul th' enliv'ning ray,
And cheers it with a moral day.

'Tis goodness vast, and infinite,
To brighten worlds with spheres of light ;
But only grace compos'd the plan,
T' emancipate poor prison'd man.

HYMN

H Y M N XV.

The Father of an infinite Majesty.

THE men renew'd by heavenly love,
 With ardency aspire,
 To join in lays with saints above,
 In praising nature's Sire.

They praise him as th' omnific Lord,
 Of heaven, earth, and sky ;
 Bow to the precepts of his word,
 And bless his majesty.

His glories infinite they sing ;
 The power of his command,
 Did order from confusion bring,
 T' adore his forming hand.

His

His fiat caus'd th' obsequious light,
And beauteous stars t' appear,
To glad the gay horizon bright,
Or crown the circling year.

They wisdom infinite explore,
And own its great designs,
In saving mortals from the power,
Of Satan, and their sins.

But Love, no nobler step could take,
Its utmost bound is here,
Than sinners pardon for the sake,
Of their Redeemer dear.

H Y M N XVI.

Thine honourable, true, and only Son.

THE heavenly expiating Lamb,
Of richest worth, and noblest name,
Deserves the most exalted praise,
That ransom'd souls can ever raise.

Great Equal to th' eternal One !
That fills the high imperial throne :
He left his lofty domes of bliss,
And stoop'd, this abject earth to kiss !

Eclips'd his godlike glories lay,
In that dear form of human clay :
Beneath the shades, weak nature drew,
Th' Incarnate Son we only knew.

• Yet,

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And beauteous stars t' appear,
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In that dear form of human clay :
Beneath the shades, weak nature drew,
Th' Incarnate Son we only knew.

• Yet,

Yet all transcendent essence bears,
And each sweet lineament it wears,
In sacred, or in moral line,
Great Jesus touch'd with force divine.

Thou wasp of hell, by Heaven accurst,
Discharge thy spleen, and do thy worst :
Humanity, her Saviour sings,
As strong to clip thy fiery wings.

He did a bright example draw,
And honour'd all the righteous law ;
Perfection crown'd his golden reign,
And envious hell oppos'd in vain.

H Y M N XVII.

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
Thee, the sons of light revere;
Own thee paraclete alone,
Hail thee welcome to thy throne.

Every humble patient breast,
Of sweet charity possessest,
Is the throne of Deity,
Is a temple, Lord, for thee.

Poor your state ye splendid domes,
If in you he never homes,
Solemn piles are rear'd in vain,
If his grace no glories gain.

Soft'ning

Soft'ning as spring's genial showers,
Are the dew's he sweetly pours ;
Grateful for the drops benign,
Meek'ned spirits drink them in.

Culture sacred, they receive,
By his emanations live,
Down in holy tempers shoot,
Upwards bear celestial fruit.

While his fragrant breezes blow,
Fan the cedars as they grow ;
Till they gain their perfect rise,
Gladsome both to earth and skies.

Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Thee, the sons of heaven revere,
As one of th' eternal Three,
Praise, adore, and worship thee.

Hallelujah.

HYMN

H Y M N XVIII.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

THOU, O Christ ! art King of Glory !

God's Incarnate Son thou art,
All our prostrate souls adore thee,

Thou hast ev'ry faithful heart :

Thee, we render thanks and blessing,

For the mercies we receive ;

Praises ardent, never ceasing,

To thee, Jesus, humbly give.

Glorious in thy holy nature,

Ere fair seraph bow'd the knee ;

Seated high above the creature,

In thine own eternity.

L

Glorious

Glorious in humiliation,
When thou didst assume the man ;
And for Israel's great salvation,
Wast on bloody Calv'ry slain.

Glorious in thy grand ascension
From the iron jaws of death ;
Choral cherubs pay attention,
Sing his power with stronger breath —
Louder, nobler, clearer, sweeter,
Let his matchless praises swell ;
Whose amazing might was greater
Than the force of death and hell.

H Y M N XIX.

Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.

IMMORTAL as thy deathless name,
My God, my Saviour, and my theme ;
My songs triumphant shall arise,
And rear thine honours in the skies.

The lisping infant shall rehearse,
Thy glories in my humble verse ;
And smiling youth of ev'ry age,
Shall bless thee in my hallow'd page.

Both young and old, shall make my song,
The happy labour of their tongue :
And distant climes rejoice to see,
My muse inspir'd, O Lord, by thee.

While

While finners cloath'd with wrath and shame,
 Shall curse their hatred to thy name ;
 My strain shall hallelujahs pour,
 'Till unbelief is known no more.

Thou, Jesus, ere these suns were made,
 Or earth had her foundations laid,
 Didst reign thy Father's darling Peer,
 His uncreated glories share.

Thee, Michael, the arch-angel sung,
 With noblest melody of tongue,
 Ere forth he led heaven's martial train,
 Along the roads of her champaign !

Ere Bliss cast out th' abandon'd crew,
 And smoking caves decreed their due,
 Thy praise attun'd the seraph's lyre,
 Sat high amidst the flaming choir.

H Y M N XX.

*When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man : thou
didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.*

INHERITOR of ancient thrones,
Where angel ne'er aspires ;
Thy state no derivation owns,
Eternal as thy Sire's.

Salvation's armies bow the knee,
Proclaim thee Salem's King,
Before th' Incarnate Deity,
Their pearly di'dems fling.

But O ! thine unexampled Love,
To Adam's peccant race !
My thoughts take rapture while they rove,
O'er the stupendous grace.

Stand with astonishment, ye skies,
 Surprise, your regions fill :
 See where ! propitious Godhead flies,
 To execute his will.

A spotless Virgin's womb contains,
 August Omnipotence !
 Nor he, the Prince of Peace disdains,
 The humble residence.

O mystery of matchless power,
 With wond'rous mercy join'd ;
 The God effulgent worlds adore,
 In nature with mankind.

Socinus blush, thine impious scheme,
 Retract thy futile creed ;
 Thy ravings all a waking dream,
 Or sink him low indeed.

H Y M N XXI.

*When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: thou
didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.*

YE sparks of pure æthereal glow,
Whether arrang'd in splendid row,
Or are, as beatific stars,
T' emboss th' interminable spheres.

That Power which kindled all your rays,
And yet maintains th' illustrious blaze,
Hath bid you intellect receive,
And as self conscious agents, live.

As vital essences you flame,
Your origen and source the same,
That chear'd the bed of ancient night,
With orient and ambient light!

Whether

Whether in beauteous local orb,
You cast around the silver robe ;
Or be on embassies employ'd,
Throughout your lucid regions wide.

Perhaps, on kindly message sent,
You are on heavenly business bent,
To raise some state's declining throne,
Or soothe some saint's departing groan.

Howe'er, we mortals gather this,
That charity's your highest bliss :
That love, the seraphin inspires,
Congenial with angelic fires.

Blest proof, that hallelujahic strain,
You sang o'er favour'd purchas'd man ;
With all those charming notes you swell
O'er sinners, daily sav'd from hell.

If still you bright occasion seek
Of Grace, with pleasures new to speak,
A glorious prodigy, behold !
Which recent wonders will unfold.

Prime

Prime glory's everlasting door,
Refus'd admission to the poor :
The just alone might enter in,
With natures undefil'd by sin.

While hapless Adam's guilty fons,
Were doom'd to breathe perpetual groans ;
Were left as dogs without the gate,
A sure destructive curse to wait.

But Jesus! O thou spotless Lamb!
My ardors kindle at thy name :
In answer to such love divine,
O may this heart be wholly thine.

O seize my soul, with all her powers ;
Be thine my days and active hours :
And bid my mind thine impress wear,
Thy lovely, noble, image bear.

He! wreath'd with an impereal wreath,
Also o'ercome the pangs of death ;
With power reshot the crystal bars,
Sublime where heaven her portal rears.

And

And did the glittering gates unfold,
Throw ope the doors of burnish'd gold ;
His train conducting on their march,
Beneath the saphire studded arch ?

His train, late suffering men below,
Late heirs to complicated woe ;
And number'd with th' unhappy all,
That bore the bruise of Adam's fall.

But having heard th' inviting lays,
Redemption's jubilant trumpets raise,
And caught the glad interior ray,
Of Salem's liberating day.

While emanation they receive,
And on salvation's Sun believe,
They are, through blood divine, forgiven,
And own'd the denizons of heaven.

So now the poor admission find,
Of every name among mankind ;
By Jesus led to heavenly domes,
Fair mansions where he ever homes.

Then

Then lend your aid, ye beauteous choir,
Your voice, your lute, or silver lyre ;
Make sweet assay to tune his praise,
Who is so lavish of his grace.

Worthy the Lamb ! that once was slain !
To him are glories due :
Ye saints, which form his brilliant train,
Pronounce him "good and true."

Let all the white-rob'd armies sing,
His mercy and his power ;
Or form a diadem for their King,
Of gems unknown before.

No rationals, that live, or breathe,
Deny their praises here ;
Whilst as his own high merited wreath,
He doth those plaudits wear.

Fall down, ye angel-thrones, before
His everlasting feat ;
And all your hallelujahs pour,
In worship at his feet.

HYMN

H Y M N XXII.

*Thou fitteſt on the right hand of God: in the glory
of the Father.*

TO the right hand of power ſupreme,
Is rais'd, the Sin-atoning Lamb!
With our habiliments array'd,
And glory circling round his head.

Angels admire the lovely Gueſt,
And on his matchleſs beauties feaſt;
With ſilent awe, obſerve his ſide,
Then ſhout the Saviour crucify'd.

He opens converſe, with the tale
Of his dread exerciſe with hell:
What pangs he felt, what ſmart be bore,
How ſword and nails his body tore.

How

How nature trembled when he bow'd,
 And horror hung her thickest cloud ;
 How terror bade her billows roll,
 T' overwhelm his holy soul.

How all — when lo! they melt to tears,
 Too sad the theme for heavenly ears ;
 Of tears they pour a copious flood,
 Effusive o'er th' Incarnate God.

The narrative could not be clos'd,
 Of Jesus on the cross expos'd !
 Left it should open grief's abyfs,
 And plunge in sorrow, fons of bliss.

H Y M N XXIII.

We believe that Thou wilt come to be our Judge.

O THOU, ador'd by heavenly thrones,
And worship'd here below;
In countless rills to Adam's sons,
Thy streams of mercy flow.

We credit thine unerring word,
And wait the joyous day :
When thee, as sov'reign Judge and Lord,
Thy glories will display.

But e'er the moment dread appears,
Bid all the human race,
T' incline their hearts, and lend their ears,
To thy inviting grace.

From

From favour'd Britain to Japan,
Dear Saviour urge thy flight,
And let no realm that's known by man,
Be void of gospel light.

Regard thine ancient promises,
And kindly teach the Jews,
T' embrace the sacred mysteries,
Of evangelic truths.

To rear a church in every clime,
Be graciously dispos'd ;
And by each child of mortal time,
O let them be compos'd.

Then may the trumpet, ether shake,
With its majestic sound :
The living change — the dead awake !
And stubborn hell confound.

All nature in amazement throw,
And quench her glowing fires ;
And empires rais'd by gods below,
Know ruin with their fires.

What

What though thy breath blow out the sun,
Or kindle earth in flames ;
Or wrapt in sackcloth is the moon,
With her serener beams.

And all the heavenly bodies shroud,
Their splendours in amaze,
Behind the dark terrific cloud,
Of thine affronted grace.

While wisheth hell, her dungeon barr'd,
By fix'd eternal fate ;
So that no power might move the ward,
Of the infernal gate.

Rather than meet thee in thine ire,
Th' incens'd angry Lamb !
The Judge, a dread consuming fire,
To all that hate thy name.

Thy

Thy faints shall triumph in thy power,
Blood-wash'd, and sin-forgiven :
Serenely view the flames devour,
Then enter into heaven.

Amidst the universal noise,
Of sadly crashing spheres,
Rise, to partake seraphic joys,
Throughout eternal years.

A N O T H E R.

SEE, the glorious morn appearing,
When th' angelic shall sound :
Sleeping thousands at the hearing,
Leave their old sepulchral ground ;
Great and dreadful
Will that awful morn be found.

While the clarion waxes louder,
All the living faint and die ;
All the meek, and all the prouder,
Trembling leave mortality,
To stand naked
'Fore the Judge of earth and sky.

Of fierce light'ning, livid flashes,
Roaring thunder awful bears ;
Conscience, with severest lashes,
Every sinner's bosom tears ;
While tremendous
God, their final doom declares.

See, the golden joys awaiting,
The thrice happy, holy race ;
Angels smiling, kindly greeting,
Point to them their heavenly place ;
And all glory,
Pours on them celestial rays.

H Y M N XXIV.

*We therefore beseech thee, to help thy servants: whom
thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood.*

O THOU, on whom all help is laid,
The sinner's hope, and only aid,
Assist the purchas'd of thy blood,
To dedicate themselves to God.

Thine, Lord, we are, entirely thine,
Redeem'd by merit all divine ;
No earthly riches bought our peace,
But thine unspotted righteousness.

O may thy grace extirpate sin,
And form us holy, pure, and clean ;
From baneful tempers set us free,
And make our spirits worthy thee.

All unbelief and pride expel,
Which taught our passions to rebel :
At these thy soul can ne'er connive,
Forbid them in our hearts to live.

Curs'd pride, which prompts to vain desires,
And daily feeds unhallow'd fires ;
Dire unbelief, that hourly shrouds,
Thy glory with her hellish clouds.

Not only peace, but love bestow,
And sanctify us while below ;
This is our joy, our pleasure this,
Thy glorious image to possess.

H Y M N XXV.

*Make them to be numbered with thy saints: in
glory everlasting.*

TO thee, O Lord, with weeping eyes,
We lift our hearts, and raise our cries;
Ne'er let our spirits gather'd be,
With those that hate and blaspheme thee.

No native rectitude we boast,
Being self-deceiv'd, deprav'd and lost;
And but for Jesus, we had felt,
A misery equal to our guilt.

Almighty Jesus, call'd our souls,
From paths where sensual pleasure rolls;
Almighty Jesus, heal'd our sin,
Bid us believe, and then be clean.

Thus

Thus having now a glorious place,
 Among the people of thy grace,
 We grateful hallelujahs join,
 And count the fellowship, divine.

Our language and our minds are one,
 A remnant to the world unknown;
 Preserv'd by thee, from day to day,
 And our delight to praise or pray.

Whilst shun our souls th' ungodly throng,
 The lecher's theme, the drunkard's song,
 With all the sinners with them join'd,
 As hateful to thy holy mind.

Forbid it then, that we should spend,
 A dreadful season without end,
 With men of such an impious cast,
 Who never shall thy glory taste.

Rather in heaven's empyrean plains,
 Where love her blissful seat maintains,
 And crowns are cast as Jesus' feet,
 May we the holy armies meet.

H Y M N XXVI.

*O Lord, save thy people, and blest thine
heritage.*

IN all their troubles, Lord,
Thy humble followers save ;
From judgment's naked angry sword,
And grief's o'erflowing wave.

The power is only thine,
To raise their drooping head ;
And bid them all, through grace divine,
On their opponents tread.

However great the strength,
Of their malignant foe ;
The faints shall conquerors prove at length,
And still to conquer go.

Almighty

Almighty Love ! their trust,
Their faith's unshaken Rock :
The thunders that strike worlds to dust,
Shall ne'er their spirits shock.

Save from besetting sins,
That aim destruction great :
And Satan's dire accursed designs
Effectually defeat.

Nor let the artful world,
Have once a power to say,
" That through her wiles, one saint was hurl'd
To hell, and fiends a prey."

H Y M N XXVII.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

MAY heavenly power, O Christ, we pray,
Thy people guide, from day to day,
In all the pleasant paths of peace,
'Till ripe their souls for thine embrace.

Thy will, their fair perfection is,
Their growth in inward holiness :
Their victory o'er the world and sin ;
Their renovation all divine.

Not only streams of pard'ning love,
Are fetch'd by faith from thee above !
But all the Spirit's glorious aid,
To have our minds with grace array'd.

N

To

To form us holy, clean, and pure,
Thou didst the pangs of death endure,
Didst Calv'ry stain with hallow'd blood,
To sanctify our souls to God.

May we till sweetly carried hence,
Be govern'd by thy providence ;
To answer noblest motives, led,
In all the steps of Jesus tread.

Rais'd far in mind above this cell,
This dreary cave, where sinners dwell,
To drink the pleasures of the soul,
Where they in rills divinely roll.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Day by day we magnify Thee.

THOU heavenly, meek, unspotted Lamb,
We daily celebrate thy name ;
Declare to earth's ungodly throng,
Thou art our joy, our theme, our song.

Are not ashamed to sing thy grace,
Thy person and thy righteousness :
Are not ashamed to sing aloud,
The glorious trophies of thy blood.

O Prince of Peace ! O Lord of Hosts !
Thy praises run through all our coasts ;
This sweet employ of love abounds,
Our Salem with thy praise resounds.

Th

Thy matchless pity saw us lay,
 To hell and death, a helpless prey;
 And bid thee abdicate thy bliss,
 To undertake our grand redress.

See, the Omnipotent, a man,
 An heir to woe, injur'd to pain:
 See, on that shameful, fatal tree,
 All nature's God, the Deity.

Ah! why this suffering? dying God,
 Why this profusion of thy blood?
 Hath some fair seraph injur'd Heaven?
 And this requir'd e'er he's forgiven?

O no! for wretched sons of earth,
 For men of sinful mortal birth,
 Th' immortal Sufferer liv'd and dy'd,
 Nature's great Cause was crucify'd.

He hath his righteousness reveal'd;
 He hath our glorious pardon seal'd:
 Goodness display'd, before unknown,
 Made rebels partners of his throne.

Should

Should we our Saviour's praise suppress,
Stones would upbraid our thanklessness :
Burst in hosannas to his name,
Or rise our silence to condemn.

H Y M N XXIX.

And we worship thy Name : ever world without end.

WITH prostrate souls and bended knee,
We pay our worship, Lord, to thee ;
Th' eternal undivided One,
The Father, Spirit, and the Son.

Hail ! Father, of our saving Lord,
With whom he reign'd th' essential Word,
Ere varying time began to be,
From vast unborn eternity.

For ever pleas'd with him thou art,
 Vain rivalship has here no part ;
 Nor damn'd for vile idolatry,
 The man, that honours him, as thee.

Thou hast our hearts, O gracious Sire,
 Our glowing breasts to thee aspire :
 Thine essence with a thousand charms,
 Each noble passion, nobly warms.

But O! too strong for human sight,
 That robe of uncreated light,
 Which wraps thee with unsuff'ring rays,
 And forms th' august supernal blaze.

While Jesus is th' auspicious mean,
 Through which, O Father, thou art seen :
 The silver cloud, which aids the eye,
 Thy nameless glories to descry.

Humanity, with soaring wings,
 Enters thy radiance, while she sings ;
 But when fatigu'd her pinions be,
 Lights on th' Incarnate Deity !

And

And sweetly finds th' Almighty Son,
Rob'd with a cloathing of her own !
While she assays with heaven to join,
To give him homage all divine.

Her elder brother, Jesus is,
The great procurer of her bliss !
Since she, O Father, from thee fell,
When peccant Adam did rebel.

Not as a rival to thy praise,
She bids her songs his plaudits raise :
But in obedience to thy will,
Doth all the heavenly task fulfil.

With charming, exquisite delight,
His praise with thine she doth unite ;
Yea, worship'd are th' illustrious Three,
By saints, to all eternity.

H Y M N XXX.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O FATHER of eternal love,
Whose bowels o'er thy children move,
Thy saving, glorious power display,
To keep our souls, from day to day.

May nothing, Lord, our minds surprize,
Nor draw our hearts, nor draw our eyes,
To wander the forbidden maze,
The sinner's dangerous crooked ways.

O may august Omniscience note,
That virtue on our minds is wrote ;
And that our various steps combine,
To shew the characters divine.

As

As Jesus walk — as Jesus live,
Nor suffer sin, our souls deceive ;
But while we pray to be forgiven,
Approve ourselves, as sons of Heaven.

H Y M N XXXI.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O GOD of mercy, bow thine ear,
And hearken to thy peoples' prayer ;
Though they can boast no greater name,
Than that of mortal cloath'd with shame.

We fell in our federal head,
A prey to guilt, by satan led ;
And though assum'd the Christian cause,
We've stain'd the glory of the cross.

A thou-

A thousand hel's of grief and pain,
 Plagues unconceiv'd we ought sustain;
 Yea, fires as deathless as our souls,
 Whilst a leaden ever rolls.

But mercy! mercy! O our God!
 Nor exercise thy scourging rod;
 We sink to hell, and drop to woe,
 Unless thy balmy mercy flow.

H Y M N XXXII.

*O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is
 in Thee.*

WE humbly now renew our prayer,
 And beg thy Majesty to spare,
 The souls created by thy power,
 And kept by thee, each day and hour.

O view

O view thy Jesus on the tree,
Thy holy Child on Calvary ;
Mark well, his bitter groans and cries,
His pangs, and piercing agonies !

This, this, the death ! and this the blood !
We recommend to thee, O God ;
Our ruin cannot profit thee,
Only encrease our misery.

We rest our souls, our lives, our peace,
On Jesus' blood and righteousness !
As men condemn'd, the grace receive,
On his atoning worth believe.

H Y M N XXXIII.

*O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never
be confounded.*

AS hold our souls no other plea,
But thy oblation on the tree:
O Saviour, speak our sins forgiven,
And seal us rebels, heirs of heaven.

We lay our sinful armour down,
Obnoxious to thy Father's frown:
The sword we us'd in hell's dire cause,
We bury now beneath thy cross.

Now baffle hell, and all her host,
Nor let a praying few be lost;
Thine arm omnipotent! O stretch,
And smoking brands from burning fetch.

Confus'd be satan, and his power,
But let thine Israel thee adore;
Sing grace in sweet melodious strains,
While blest eternity remains.

MUSIC.

O N

M U S I C.

YE warbling bards begin the song,
Your melody prepare ;
Bring ev'ry soothing, melting tongue,
And ev'ry noble air :
In symphonies divine,
Let softer voices join ;
While bolder notes excel,
And ample chorus swell :
In concert with organs high blowing,
Their thunder melodious bestowing !
The smoothly, and happy ton'd lyre,
And elegant band of the choir ;
Charming our souls, and thrilling our veins,
With music's all-pow'rful and ravishing strains.

O

Hail !

Hail ! heaven descended Art,
 Sublime through ev'ry part ;
 Our pow'rs enlarg'd and free,
 Expand to compass thee,
 While thy sweet force and influence benign,
 Bespeak thy birth and origin divine.

To thee, the muses bring,
 Their early choicest lays,
 And raptur'd fires sing,
 And celebrate thy praise ;
 And dance the virtues round thy roseat bowers,
 And wreath thy brows with amaranthine flowers.

From frantic kings and mimic gods,
 Or matrons, brought from dire abodes,
 As sung by Windsor's swan.
 Or taught by Dryden's tuneful reed,
 Whom Clio deign'd with verse to feed,
 Of pure celestial strain :
 To nobler themes,
 And sacred names,

Of prior age,
In holy page ;
Ev'n music's high virtue to heal,
Diseases, and devils expel ;
Constraining the fiends to retire,
Fly back to their sulphur and fire !
And leave a rack'd potentate's breast,
To repose, to quiet, and rest.

An evil genius troubled Saul,
Great was his woe, his succour small ;
It sat as th'incubus, brooding;
On all his pleasures intruding :
Conscience gave cruel lashes,
Tophet flam'd fiery flashes :
Fierce corrodings,
Black forebodings
Mental horrors,
Harrowing sorrows,
Swarm'd thicker than his suppliant courtiers,
While he is the prey of their plagues and their tortures.
But

But with a matchless hand,
Great David struck the lyre ;
Each key at his command,
And ev'ry golden wire,
In noblest motion,
Tun'd harmonious,
Sounds symphonious !
To his devotion :

The poor monarch's bosom was ravish'd, was charm'd,
And death and destruction of terror disarm'd.

Notes dilating,
Airs vibrating,
Melting measures,
Soothing pleasures,
Ev'n up to heav'n the quiv'ring accents flew,
And all the blest to deep attention drew.

Unrivall'd chime,
To pow'rs sublime,
Sole Godhead's praise,
To dulcet lays :

Now breaking off with softest cadence low,
Then rising clear with sweet majestic flow.

With

With tortur'd ears !
 The dæmon hears,
 And from it hies,
 As light'ning flies,
 And darkens all the spheres;
 Retreats to his regions in thunder,
 As ruffians atrocious from plunder ;
 More fullen, malign, discontented,
 When from mischief infernal prevented.

So much of bliss he could not bear,
 The charming sounds his vitals tear,
 Tormenting as envenom'd darts,
 Is melody in all her parts :
 Discord his only joy, and he,
 Abhors the sweets of sacred harmony.

Of war, my muse, in plaintive strain,
 The scourge of nations and of men,
 With all her horror, blood and pain.
 Of sacred wars by favour'd Israel fought,
 When by puissant Joshua led,
 Their champion, judge and head :

Martial

Martial his presence and severe,
 His soul undaunted as his spear ;
 Lucid and piercing, roll'd his eye,
 As Venus in an evening sky,
 And by his hands magnific deeds were wrought !

By the arm of Jacob's salvation,
 He conquer'd from nation to nation ;
 Vast empires and kingdoms o'erthrowing,
 To heaps of disastrous ruin ;
 Storming, waſting, ſacking, burning,
 Thron'd oppoſers proud o'erturning :
 Nor knew a peer, nor ſaw an equal hand,
 Like ſword to wield, like vict'ry to command.

For many a daring crime,
 Doom'd Jericho muſt fall,
 Drop all her domes ſublime,
 And ev'ry tow'ring wall,
 O Gib ! with far milder artillery,
 Than hell and Hyberia thunder'd at thee :
 Yet potent as bombs and gunnery, is found
 Great muſic's all-pow'rfull, and levelling ſound.

Six smiling funny morns,
They spent in circling marches,
With strongly blasted horns,
Shaking th' ample arches !
And martial songs reciting,
Some celebrated story,
Or vet'rans brave inviting,
To share the deathless glory :
Then round and round,
Round and round,
Round and round,
And round the walls again.
Trumpets sounding,
Echos bounding,
Shouts ascending,
The heav'ns rending,
With riotous crashing,
As huge billows dashing,
The bulwarks all tumble,
Form a horrible jumble,
And make a broad path for great Joshua's men,
Who the citadel enter,
And pierce to the centre,

While

While falchions are flaying,
 The living—dead laying,
 Battalions embattling,
 Chariots loud rattling,
 Horns pouring clanger,
 Proclaiming fierce anger,
 Nor quit the scene till all are slain !
 Smitten, lapsing,
 Mortals gasping,
 Wounded, dying,
 Tortur'd, crying;
 Yet deaf the victor's ears, to their plaints & their pain.

Come Handel ! from ambrosial grots,
 Where beauteous cherubs dwell ;
 Dancing to thy seraphic notes,
 Or list'ning to thy shell.
 Ah ! kindly deign to visit earth,
 Or ask some soul of equal pow'rs ;
 Europe would rise and bless the birth,
 And shout a second Handel ours :
 But ah ! that harp is ever silent laid,
 Nor will these climes his peer obtain ;

So cypress wreath'd Apollo weeping said,
And summon'd all his vocal train,
T' adorn a Handel's hearse,
With solemn dirgic verse,
While th' Aonian nine,
Assistance gave divine,
But chiefly, fam'd Urania led the choir,
And with these measures fed the tragic fire.

C H O R U S.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad tears of woe !
Heart-breaking sorrows come ;
Bring bitter cries, and piercing sighs,
To pour o'er Handel's tomb.

That angel hand, divinely taught,
To wing our souls to heaven ;
Its pow'rful magic hath forgot,
And to the grave is given.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad, &c.

Those

Those wond'rous pow'rs, ordain'd to please,
The ears of list'ning thrones ;
For ever from their labours cease,
And change our lays to groans.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad, &c.

To thee, O Handel, music owes,
Her first seraphic song ;
Pure blis from ev'ry effort flows,
Through organ, lyre, and tongue.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad, &c.

While martials sounds awake the zeal,
And fan the patriot's flame,
Of ardour in Britannia's weal,
To raise her deathless fame.

Flow, greatly flow,
Sad, &c.

Nor

Nor are the pious less inspir'd,
 By thy sublimer charms,
 With majesty their breasts are fir'd,
 And pure devotion warms.

Flow, greatly flow,
 Sad, &c.

Your grandeur cloud, ye sacred piles,
 And roll the half dumb peal
 Slowly reponsive through the ailes,
 To Handel's nightly knell.

Flow, greatly flow
 Sad, &c.

For ah! he's gone, he's gone, he's gone!
 Great Heav'n's sole bounty here,
 To reign unrivall'd and alone,
 In song's harmonic sphere.

Flow, greatly flow,
 Sad tears of woe!

O're fall'n Handel pour your humid treasure
 Unceasing without measure,
 And round his urn, let drooping willows grow.

None

None so matchless ever fell,
 In the tuneful art t' excel :
 Whether to strike the sounding key,
 Or pour the full and choral lay.

Now muse, assume the day again,
 Throw off this chearless melancholy strain,
 And try to warble in a pleasing vein :
 Though dropp'd that zenith star, yet many lights,
 Their kindly influence lend ;
 And as we daring soar olympic heights,
 Our feeble wings befriend.
 Though Handel is no more,
 Arise, ye happy store ;
 By bounteous nature given,
 For earth to rival heaven,
 In all the charms of sound or song,
 From Mara, or a Harwood's tongue ;
 Stand up ye Burneys, and ye Shields,
 And ev'ry son that music yields ;
 Ye that dignify the race,
 Of Wesley, with peculiar grace :

And

And thou, dear angel of a smaller size,
Sweet Carver ! lately borrow'd from the skies.

With piety and zeal,

The sacred temple fill,

And there, the plausive hallelujah pour,

Loud as the founding surge, when oceans roar.

Yet with melodious warbles sweet,

As those that heav'nly spirits greet,

Which are by fanning zephyr borne,

From od'rous grove, or breezy lawn ;

Charm'd haunt of beings blest,

Of lovely harmony possest ;

To him, whose mercy shall occasion give,

For music in immortal day to live.

Ev'n life with all her pride decays,

And powers terrestrial, they shall die ;

But song, her happy throne shall raise

Above the pearly concave of the sky !

Shall be the sure survivor of the stars,

When time is lost in everlasting years.

P

When

When weak'ned nature hath repair'd her loss,
 And off is purg'd all base, immoral dross;
 When balmy peace, sole monarchy obtains,
 And heav'n's primeval choir unites its strains,
 Then shall one ceaseless chorus grateful rise,
 To nature's God, all nature's sacrifice.

O D E

T O

DIVINE CONTENTMENT.

COME meek-ey'd cherub ! deign to reign,
 And o'er my powers an empire gain ;
 Ah, sway his yielding breast !
 O come in all thy heavenly forms,
 And hush these sad internal storms,
 Intrusive on my rest.

No patron thou, to slothful ease,
 No pimp, the libertine to please ;
 To urge with firen lays,
 The sage divinity within,
 To mix in close embrace with sin,
 Then boast of quiet days.

Nor hath the soul thy placid smile,
 That is a stranger to the toil,
 Requir'd by virtue's love :
 To reach to wisdom's highest ken,
 Of all the wiles of vice and men,
 T' usurp her god-like power.

Her enemies light up a ray,
 Languid as Cynthia's to the day,
 Pour'd by th' effulgent sun !
 The sinner proud, with low-built thought,
 And into wretched stupor wrought,
 Believes it peerless noon !

In vain a Cræsus boasts his hold
Of thee, though grasping bags of gold,
Divine impartial maid !
Unknown to av'rice, are thy charms,
Unseiz'd by mercenary arms,
E'en on a filken bed !

Too few alas ! thy bliss enjoy !
Thy sweets from courts not only fly,
But rarely reach the cell !
In minds, renew'd by grace alone,
Where Jesus loves t' erect his throne,
'Tis thy delight to dwell !

A

M O R N I N G O D E .

AURORA ! show thy lovely face,
With ev'ry charm appear :
Usher the sun's enliv'ning rays,
And this dull circle chear.

Pierce through this intervening shade,
And yonder mountains gild :
Old night will shrink before thy glade,
And easy empire yield.

Sublime upon thy golden car,
Reach out thy rosy hand ;
The pearly gates of light t' unbar,
And orient day expand.

The feather'd choirs thy coming wait,
 To quit their downy nest,
 And gentle zephyrs smiling greet,
 Thy mien with glory drest.

The flow'ry gems unfold their leaves,
 To court thy genial aid ;
 And blooming verdure life receives,
 At thy approach, sweet maid !

Come then, bright empress of the morn,
 Absorb these little fires !
 Nature with beauty now adorn,
 For nature thee requires.

While the chear'd peasant joyous speaks,
 Of thee with new delight ;
 Thy splendour, as a torrent breaks,
 Upon his ravish'd fight.

A N

E V E N I N G O D E.

C O M E, friend to meditation, come,
Assume thy native hue ;
Disperse around thy pleasing gloom,
And shade th' æthereal blue.

Invited by thy rayless sky,
The prophet* leaves his tent ;
Thy breath inhales with placid eye,
On holy musings bent.

That philomela pours his note,
Symphonious on the spray,
To celebrate in yonder grot,
Thy progress o'er the lea.

* *Genesis xxiv. 63.*

Thy

Thy drear approach on busy life,
A balmy opiate sheds ;
Grave silence reigns, and noise and strife,
Recline their weary heads.

Thy bright attendant, silver moon,
For thy arrival waits ;
Serene to pour her fainter noon,
Before thy ebon gates.

Whilst Venus, leading to repose,
Bekindles all her rays ;
And heaven her pageantry bestows,
To form one boundless blaze.

Come then, in fable vest array'd,
Border'd with flowing gold ;
With all thy starry pomp display'd,
So charming to behold.

A N

H Y M N.

I SEEK a place above,
Beyond terrestrial height ;
A land of everlasting love,
And pure delight :
I am a stranger here ;
This is not mine abode ;
I'm trav'ling to a city there,
Prepar'd by God.

There great Jehovah reigns !
Th' august, almighty King ;
And angels on those happy plains,
His glory sing.

He

He is their light and sun,
Pours beatific rays !
And brighter than celestial noon,
Reveals his grace.

While holy pleasures flow,
From pure æthereal springs,
The saints with bliss extatic glow,
Beneath his wings !
Or walk ambrosial fields,
Secure from baneful harms !
While Jesu's glorious presence yields
Unnumber'd charms !

I bid the world farewell,
And boldly urge my way ;
Towards the joys ineffable
Of endless day :
Through hurricans and seas
I still press forward on,
And strive, and agonize to seize
Th' immortal crown.

My foes pursue me fore,
And tempt my feet to rove;
Yet still I trust the mighty power,
Of heavenly love.
On Jesus I confide,
He's faithful to his word;
And doth, when by temptations tried,
His aid afford.

Or if my wand'ring feet,
Through nature's weakness stray,
Methinks I hear my Lord repeat,
" This is the way !
" The sacred, narrow road,
" That points to pleasures true,
" And leads directly to thy God
" Only pursue."

By lively faith I see,
The bright, supernal gate;
And lo ! a glorious company,
Of angels wait,

Inviting

Inviting me to feast,
On their seraphic joys ;
Hark ! now they sing, " O come with haste,
" To paradise."

I come, ye happy choirs !
I pass the gloomy vale !
O Saviour ! keep me from the powers
Of death and hell.
Let me thy foot-steps tread,
Nor ever from thee stray ;
But be, by all thy mercies led,
To heav'nly day.

S A L V A T I O N.

SALVATION! O transporting theme!
Delightful to our hearts:

Ye heavens admire th' atoning Lamb,
Who boundless grace imparts.

Diseas'd, and dead in sin we lay,
A prey to darkness given:

But O! through him we blest the ray,
That leads to God and heaven.

Salvation! let the echo bound,
Through earth, and air, and skies;
Shout all ye nations, and resound,
The bleeding Sacrifice.

Q

A N

A N

O D E,

*Addressed to the Larks on a Country Excursion,
June 22, 1785.*

SWEETLY, harmonious, warbling choir !
Still sweeter as you rise :
As philomela cheers th' opaque,
So you, the lucid skies.

Ah say, hath heaven's high music dropp'd
Your species from her spheres ?
Or taught you, as you tower elate,
To rival all her airs ?

Your

Your melting and melodious notes,
Inebriate my powers ;
Methinks I rove through sacred grots,
And tread elysian bowers.

I greatly quaff ambrosial gales,
And drink a purer day ;
While music, with celestial charms,
Bears all my soul away.

A N

H Y M N

O N

The unsearchable Riches of Christ.

THY riches, O thou Zion's King !
Thy boundless wealth I'll ceaseless sing,
And summon all my pow'rs to raise,
A grateful tribute to thy praise.

Great Prince of worlds to us unknown,
Sublime upon thy heavenly throne :
Thou nature hold'st by right divine,
This earth, and all her realms are thine.

And

And as thy affluence, to thy power,
Let satan fear, and saints adore ;
Who can resist thy matchless hand,
The strong controul of thy command ?

Ye thrones ! your potent Founder, greet !
Ye angels ! fall at Jesu's feet !
Confess his peerless brightness, who,
Wraps clouds of glory round his brow.

In white imperial robes array'd,
See ! his humanity display'd !
While splendour, as a flaming zone,
Begirds th' august Incarnate Son.

As glowing brass, his feet appear,
His legs, as fiery columns are ;
Midnight, the zenith's solar rays,
To th' awful lustre of his face.

Grasping seven flaming worlds, he stands
Promulging his benign commands ;

The roaring sea's tempestuous noise,
Is feeble whisper to his voice.

In realms above yon pearly sky,
Unpierc'd by any mortal's eye ;
His empire spreads her vast domain,
And wide creation owns his reign.

While heaven's refulgent gems combine,
To form his palaces divine ;
And in the form of god-like state,
A thousand cherub armies wait.

But O ! his vast redeeming love !
Impart your strains, ye blest above,
That I its treasures may express,
With something of sublime of verse.

Thy pity, lovely Lamb of God,
When plung'd I lay in guilt and blood ;
Commiserated all my grief,
And undertook its full relief.

Yet

Yet wond'rous grace with pity join'd,
My ransom to effect combin'd,
And mov'd th' Immortal to expire,
To save a wretch from quenchless fire.

I heard thy call of gospel-grace,
And rob'd me with thy righteousness :
While sought my soul thy spirit's aid,
To have thy image fair portray'd.

I go, dear Saviour, at thy word,
To celebrate my heavenly Lord ;
And ev'ry weeping sinner tell,
" Thy mercy's store's unsearchable."

May I a subject worthy prove,
Of all this glorious fund of love :
Live, till thy blissful face I see,
To noblest purposes, and thee.

A N

H Y M N

O N

The Almighty's Call to Abraham.

WHAT seraph's tongue can truly paint
The pity of our gracious God ?
Archangels power of language want,
To tell how high, how deep, how broad.
How vast his love to Adam's race !
How large his bounty and his grace.

When that broad eye which all pervades,
Earth's universal evil saw ;
That sin and satan rais'd their heads,
And man grew bold to break his law :
He summon'd Abr'ham from the throng,
From the false gods he dwelt among.

Abr'ham

Abr'ham obey'd the glorious call ;
Became a worshipper of Heaven ;
Before his God, behold him fall,
And hear the promise to him given :
The holy cov'nant with him made
The grace through Christ to be display'd.

" From thee, I will a nation raise,
" A nation great, and blest indeed ;
" All tribes shall see these happy days,
" And from the yoke of hell be freed :
" Nor while earth's ages rise and roll,
" Shall my throne want a praying soul."

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

O WOULD that gracious voice,
In mercy speak to me,
And bid my soul in him rejoice,
And boast her liberty.

Pronounce himself my shield,
My sure defence and tower ;
My succour in the bloody field,
In each distressing hour.

My everlasting guard,
From all the powers of hell ;
And as my final great reward,
My bliss eternal seal :

My

My life should be one round,
Of gratitude and love ;
My praise should as my joys abound,
And ev'ry grace improve.

'Till Christ the Judge shall say,
Ye angels bring him here,
To regions of eternal day,
His ransom'd spirit bear.

O speak ! thou sinners Friend ;
O speak ! thou Gift of Heaven ;
Then shall this dreary midnight end,
And all my fears be driven.

A
P R A Y E R
F O R
H O L I N E S S.

ALMIGHTY God, stupendous power,
Thy purity, the heavens adore,
Immaculate thou art :
Thy holy eyes to look on sin,
With approbation, are too clean,
And faithful is thy heart.

Not so repugnant, night and day,
Black horror's shade, and sunny ray
Refulgent Holiness :

As what, that monster is to thee,
That cause of fell mortality,
And curse of Adam's race.

And shall not those which fear thy name,
That glow with the immortal flame
Of heaven's seraphic fire ;
Abhor this evil in the soul,
Its poison stop, its power controul,
'Till ev'ry sin expire ?

O may I ever walk approv'd,
And live as one by thee belov'd,
No word or deed be wrong :
But wash'd in purifying blood,
My soul an image of its God,
And grace possess my tongue.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE

REV. JOHN FLETCHER,

Late Vicar of Madeley, in Shropshire.

AND is he gather'd from this climate drear,
Where furly Boreas blows his dead'ning blasts;
Replanted in a more indulgent sphere,
Where not a wint'ry* cloud the day o'ercasts ?

Long hath he stood this dew condensing air,
The crude damp eve-lapse, and the midnight chill ;
Unlike the gales which vernal zephyrs bear,
When they come whisp'ring o'er the verdant hill.

* *This was written in winter.*

Yet

Yet nobly cultur'd with supernal toil,
And ripening showers imbibing from above !
He flourish'd, as if nurs'd in richer soil,
And with ambrosial sweets perfum'd the grove.

Of comeliest growth, for even envy own'd,
That heaven's fine Plant might shew its image here ;
While many a smiling cherub circled round,
To pour his blessings on the branches fair.

In vain the fumes which powers malign exhale,
To check his rising beauty e'er presum'd :
In spite of storm, or tempest's rough affail,
His foliage with celestial verdure bloom'd.

And lovely shew'd a ripe, and spreading vine,
Dropping choice fruitage from his balmy leaves ;
Meet to remove, where suns more genial shine,
T' inhale the dews unclouded ether gives.

This Jesus saw, and missions from the sky,
Resplendent legions, which without delay,
Him pluck from earth, then with their treasure fly,
To glad the paradise of endless day.

Esteem'd

Esteem'd below, and greatly priz'd above,
 And high arrang'd among the splendours there ;
 His zeal and love, and holy meekness prove,
 His title to eternal mansions clear.

This isle's cherubic watch, in bright patrol
 Around her happy coasts, with ravish'd eye
 Beheld th' æthereal chariot bear his soul,
 Up to the blazing portals of the sky.

Whether with shouts they hail'd his rapt'rous flight,
 And fill'd th' expanse with bursts of praise to heaven ;
 Or wond'ring gaz'd, till to th' empyrean-height,
 The fiery car with angel-speed was driven.

The crystal doors spontaneously threw ope
 Their fulgid folds, and sparkling pour'd a train
 Of starry-wreathed saints, a dazzling group !
 Him, on th' ascent of bliss to entertain.

And as he rode up to th' imperial seat,
 The azure avenues on either hand,
 Were throng'd with cherubin, prepar'd to greet,
 Their happy guest to their delightful land.

While

While breezes pure on odoriferous wing,
 The charming sounds of gratulation bore ;
 Melodious tun'd each lyre's harmonious string,
 On blooming hill, or in umbrageous bower.

And Deity high pour'd th' extatic smile ;
 And God Incarnate bow'd his lofty throne :
 With holy kisses to reward his toil,
 And all his pains below with mercy crown.

The prophet's gone, nor can we wish his stay,
 Though this opaque is wanting of his light :
 With constellations of yon upper day,
 The faint transcends this globe of earthly night.

Caught sweetly up above this gloomy clime,
 To breathe with angels in salubrious air ;
 Beyond the envious shades of hell and time,
 He dwells secure from every baneful snare.

What bright immortals strike his wond'ring eyes :
 Jesus ! and all salvation's countless fires ;
 As suns, illumine th' interminable skies,
 Fraught with the joys beatitude inspires.

Nor are they rayless orbs who late below,
 In Salem's temple burn'd as day-stars clear ;
 Æthereals, all our Kens, and Ushers, know,
 And on their generous breasts their portraits bear.

Congenial souls ! as luminaries seen
 In fable ether, with sweet confluent flow ;
 Pour all their beams, unsullied and serene,
 To form this midnight's planetary glow.

So happy these, though in th' illustrious sphere
 Of moral agency, augustly blest ;
 Reciprocally give the rays they bear,
 To God their source, their centre, and their rest.

Dear rev'rend Shade ! what tho' no flambeaux flam'd ;
 No stucco'd ceilings were with cypress hung ;
 No mid-day tapers o'er thy relics gleam'd,
 And not a dirgic lay from Hayley's tongue.

No blazon'd 'scutcheon vaunting to the stars,
 Of lordly birth and proud ally of blood ;
 No raven-colour'd plume, undamp't by tears,
 Nor on thy bier Arabian spices strew'd.

The dark cold vault thy dear remains inurn,
Unwet by sculptur'd marble's trickling dew ;
Mindless of time's low pride, to dust return,
Bidding life's senseless pageantry, adieu !

Ah ! if not thine to boast, a titled birth,
Nor fated thine, to buy a poet's lays ;
'These weeping thousands speak thee dear to earth,
And kingdoms are not silent in thy praise.

'Tis thine to be with golden chaplets crown'd,
And in Jehovah's courts high honours gain ;
To walk in heav'nly pomp with those renown'd,
That form a Mediator's shining train.

'Tis thine, of worlds, to take a prospect wide,
Which through a Jesu's merit thou hast won ;
To sail on rich salvation's flowing tide,
And call her seas nectareous all thy own.

While angels, mindful of thy treasur'd clay,
To guard it radiant bands of cherubs bring ;
Around thy tomb they stand in bright array,
And to each rolling orb these stanzas sing.

Here

Here lies ! weep all ye stars ! here lies !
A native of sublimer skies !
The casket's dropp'd, the jewel's fled,
And 'mongst thron'd glories lifts his head.

When heaven-struck nature tott'ring reels,
And time throws off his laging wheels ;
The distant lovers shall rejoin,
And solar lustre far outshine.

Ye mortals, listen to the lay !
Great Jesu's high behests obey !
Pursue his paths to deathless rest,
And on seraphic pleasures feast.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE LATE

C. H I R D, E s q.

Near Bradford, in the County of York.

AH! why lament the loss
Of those, whom Jesus calls,
From time's uneasy cross,
And life's perplexing thralls,
Up to his glitt'ring courts above,
To banquet on his heav'nly love?

Though

Though scarce the lovely flower,
 Partook the noon-tide ray,
 E'er some celestial power,
 Bore it to brighter day :
 Ye kindred souls, no longer pine,
 'Tis safely stor'd, by hands divine.

Through conq'ring grace he brav'd,
 His dire malignant foe ;
 Jesus ! the ransom'd sav'd,
 From hell's perpetual woe ;
 Dying, he manifested this,
 Sure foretaste of seraphic bliss.

By fiery chariots wheel'd,
 He pass'd th' æthereal blue ;
 Enter'd heaven's argent field,
 Beyond a mortal's view ;
 To seize the victor's radiant prize,
 The deathless crowns of happier skies.

To greet th' auspicious guest,
The angel harpers stand ;
While he, with glory dress'd,
Roves o'er the sacred land,
Shouting, " Salvation to the Lamb !"
And rend'ring thanks, to Jesu's name.

Thou God of life, and death !
Thou friend to sinful man !
Increase thy people's faith,
Amidst their grief and pain :
Ah ! give them all, this stroke t' improve,
And while they weep, t' adore and love.

A N
O D E
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F

Mr. R—s S—E of BIRMINGHAM, 1785.

HARK ! notes celestial, touch mine ear,
And sweetly warble in the air,
“ A human spirit’s come :
“ Angels ! prepare a radiant seat,
“ And happy, ransom’d Strephon greet,
“ To his eternal home.”

The gates of jasper open stand,
Displaying all th’ auspicious land,
With all its splendid thrones ;
And white-rob’d Strephon’s usher’d in,
With lays melodious and divine,
By heaven’s immortal sons.

Not

Not suffer'd on the heights sublime,
The envied paths of tranſient time,
To run in mad career :
To tempeſt half this little world,
And be from pride's dread ſummit hurl'd,
To ruin and deſpair.

But in the pleaſant vale of peace,
The avenue to righteouſneſs,
His ſpirit meekly trod ;
Society's unwavering friend,
With honeſty, did int'reſts blend,
Until he went to God.

Affliction ſorely preſs'd him down,
And pain extorted many a groan ;
But thou, O Lord, waſt near,
To heal his ſpiritual diſeaſe,
T' apply the lenient balm of grace,
In anſwer to his prayer.

We therefore join th' angelic lays,
And to return thee equal praiſe,
Our grateful boſoms pant :

S

That

That, thou in mercy didst bestow,
Our parent to thy church below,
And heaven to thy saint.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF AN
I N F A N T,
M A R C H 23, 1787.

THOU lovely, freed, seraphic flame !
Late active in that beauteous frame ;
Ah ! to thy weeping parents, say,
Why left so soon, thy breathless clay ?

Had our caresses fond, no charms ?
A father's smiles, a mother's arms,
No sweet constraints to keep thee here ?
To share their comforts, and their care.

Ye little cherubs, wreath'd with flowers,
 Serenely cull'd from heavenly bowers ;
 Ye saw your brother take his flight,
 And land in everlasting light.

Kindly, the smiling guest, you own,
 And lead him to th' imperial throne,
 Amid the soft, melodious songs,
 Of all your charming, infant tongues.

Or diction, beautifully flow'd,
 Of all the splendours of your God,
 How you're the Saviour's purchas'd, too ;
 What dazzling crowns are given you !

Celestial babe ! supremely blest !
 No Peter, with false zeal possést,
 Forbids thy rubied lips, the kifs,
 Of thy Redeemer, high in blifs.

Bright Jesus, hail ! to thee, we bow,
 Great Friend to th' infant armies, thou !
 We would their pure hosannas join,
 And pay thee honours all divine.

These

These are the lambs thy bosom bears,
 Redeem'd by agonies and tears ;
 Secure from harms in thine embrace,
 They sing the riches of thy grace.

They had their suff'rings here below ;
 Their cries express'd their share of woe ;
 But now, their radiant forms declare,
 They festive joys with angels share.

T H E
 D Y I N G S A I N T ' s
 [S O L I L O Q U Y .

THOU lamp of intellectual ray ;
 O quit this tenement of clay :
 Though death thy vital powers invades,
 His sable wings around thee spreads ;
 Yet lo ! the vision's bright before thee,
 Triumphant palms and wreathes of glory :
 Then burst this intervening cell,
 And fly to bliss where angels dwell.

Floods

Floods of seraphic joys,
Break on my ravish'd eyes ;
The Saviour lets down heaven here ;
I see a golden throne,
Grac'd with th' Incarnate Son,
While airs melodious strike my ear.
How sweet that cherub seems,
Drest with immortal beams ;
Hark ! hark ! he bids me come,
Points to a glitt'ring dome ;
With pinions on th' expand,
Awaiting the command,
My soul to bear to her æthereal home.
O death ! no dread I fear,
A heavenly convoy's near.

A N

H Y M N

T O T H E

S A C R E D N A M E

O F

J E S U S.

HIGH Salem's choirs, assist to sing,
Your happiest music hither bring,
And strike on ev'ry tuneful string,
The lovely name of Jesus.

Ye poets, fam'd for lyric lays ;
Ye Pindars of our modern days,
Unite your beauties in the praise,
Of this majestic Jesus.

And

And all ye nobler, epic bards,
To immortality's rewards,
Nothing, your rightful claim retards,
If you have sang of Jesus.

Ye songsters,* as ye fill the grove,
With airs, on false illicit love ;
Great Heaven will not your songs approve,
Unless you sing of Jesus.

Ye Handels of the organ, join ;
Ye Purcells, Boyces, all combine,
With oratorio divine,
To swell the praise of Jesus.

But earthly voices, what are ye ?
Forgive me, O great Deity !
Look o'er this poor sublimity,
In asking songs for Jesus.

To first-born seraphs now I turn ;
O ye, who in his glory burn !
Let all your notes melodious, run
Upon the love of Jesus.

* *At Vauxhall, &c.*

Archangels,

Archangels, summon all your choirs,
And wind up all your sounding lyres ;
What ! what ! demands your noblest fires,
If not the praise of Jesus ?

Angels, that golden trumpets blow,
And cherubin of starry row,
Fast by, where rills æthereal flow ;
O magnify our Jesus !

O ye sacred, blood-bought throng,
Who have began your happy song ;
Ah ! let not on your ransom'd tongue,
E'er die the praise of Jesus.

But as your blessings, let your joys,
In notes excelling sweetly rise,
And out-go all the shouting skies,
In plaudits of your Jesus.

O ye stupendous worlds on high !
Whether in station fix'd, or fly,
In awful pomp each other vie,
With lofty praise to Jesus.

And

And O ! thou Godhead's solar spark !
Mission'd to chase earth's thickest dark,
While upward mounts the tuneful lark ;
O speak the praise of Jesus !

Thou partly bright, and part opaque,
Whose rays our night refulgent make ;
In thy grand tour, O laud, O speak,
The matchless worth of Jesus !

Ye clouds, vast reservoirs of rain,
Who pour your stores upon the plain,
And but exhaust, to fill again,
Proclaim the power of Jesus.

Ye thunders, with sky-rending noise,
That shake dread empires with your voice,
As furiously the terror flies ;
O let it mention Jesus.

Ye light'nings, as ye pierce the air,
And through the sultry regions glare,
On your red wings of danger bear,
The awful power of Jesus.

Ye

Ye tempests, with impetuous roar,
 That dash the billows to the shore,
 And on the main, your vengeance pour,
 Blow soft the name of Jesus.

While each sky-tow'ring forest bows,
 Declines his cloudy-hooded brows,
 And pours from all his vocal boughs,
 A gen'ral song to Jesus.

Did ev'ry muse with zeal combine,
 To twine a chaplet all divine,
 And all the poets with them join,
 'Twould be too mean for Jesus.

Did music all her warblers bring ;
 Her voice, and sounds, on wire, or string,
 And make his praise through nature ring ;
 Deserving more is Jesus.

Did ev'ry seraph of the sky,
 The grand, the new, the noble try,
 And all the angels with them vie,
 In forming odes for Jesus.

And

And add, the efforts of a choir,
Brought out of torture, death, and fire,*
Borne on the wings of strong desire,
T' excel in praise of Jesus.

But poor and piteous all their lays,
Scarce worthy of the name of praise ;
To this the Sire† of ancient days,
This all-redeeming Jesus.

Yet O ! ye men, and angels, hear !
He loves your praise, he hears your prayer,
And you the charge, and you the care,
Of this Almighty Jesus.

More glorious than the happy sons,
Of yonder prime angelic thrones ;
Or those blood-royal ransom'd ones,
Is this diviner Jesus.

Let all the stars of ether blaze ;
Bring all the splendour of their rays,
And ev'ry sun the lustre raise ;
'Tis midnight all, to Jesus.

* *Rev. vii. 14.*

† *Isaiah ix. 6.*

Let

Let heaven ambrosial odours shower,
 Arabia bring her balmy store,
 And nature all her incense pour,
 More fragrant far is Jesus.

Join all the wisdom of the earth,
 To that of more than human birth;
 How poor its claim, how low its worth,
 'Tis folly all to Jesus.

Who lighted up yon blazing worlds?
 Who round the globe the thunder hurls?
 And in his course each planet rolls,
 But our tremendous Jesus?

And who will grace the awful day,
 With such magnificent display,
 Of god-like grandeur's fulgent ray,
 As this our Saviour Jesus?

Then let us join with mutual flame,
 To celebrate the holy Lamb;
 Yea, teach our lisping babes the name,
 Of their atoning Jesus!

 I S A I A H XII.

I M I T A T E D.

HAIL ! ransom'd spirit, gladden'd with the day,
 Of gospel-calm, with her auspicious sky ;
 And light immortal from salvation's Sun !
 Sprung from the shades of night, whose massy bars,
 Reluctant loos'd their hold ; astonish'd thou !
 In rapture shalt begin this heav'nly song.

O thou, stupendous Source of ev'ry good !
 Eternal Lord ! to thee my joyful praise
 Shall greatly flow ; for though thy flaming wrath
 Hung o'er my guilty head, impendant frown !
 Intense to sink into hell's deep abyfs,
 My wretched soul, away thine anger's gone ;
 Mercy triumphs, and pours into my breast,
 Her rays celestial ; comfort now descends,
 And fires my pow'rs with gratitude and love.

T

O ye

O ye, who front the blissful throne of light,
 Veil'd with your golden wings, angels, behold!
 Both men and angels view; admire the grace
 Amazing; God my great salvation is!
 Though hell assail, summon all her pow'rs,
 And earth in stubborn league with hell combin'd,
 With dire determination to destroy,
 Pour all their fires upon my feeble soul;
 Yet will I trust in great Jehovah's name,
 Make him my boast, my glory, and my song.
 Since He's become my strength and righteousness,
 Fearless I stand! maugre their fiercest rage,
 Secure within a citadel so strong.

Let this excite you, O ye mournful souls,
 With hope to look to Him, and water draw
 Out of redemption's unexhausted founts!

In that thrice welcome day, of saving pow'r,
 Exulting in your God, your souls shall sing,
 "Great Jesus' praise, ye heights, and depths, resound!
 "Ye heav'ns effulgent, residence august,
 "Of the Eternal, where he deigns to beam
 "The

" The glories of unclouded Deity !
 " O ! celebrate his love, in acts of praise ;
 " Let all your realms with brighter splendour glow :
 " And thou, O earth ! replete with good immense,
 " From thy ador'd Creator's bounteous hand ;
 " O magnify his name ! proclaim his grace
 " To all thy worlds ! his peerless mercy laud,
 " 'Till all thy shores with hallelujahs ring !

With zeal, renew the theme ; amazing things
 The Lord hath done—well known to all mankind :
 Thy guilty race, O man, he hath redeem'd !
 Bow'd the æthereal ! left yon argent skies !
 And rob'd his glory with a clod of earth !
 Vanquish'd satanic pow'rs ! hurl'd headlong down,
 Th' aspiring monster ! prone on blazing seas,
 The wolf lies howling ! hath thrown open wide
 Heav'n's sparkling ports t' admit the contrite in !
 Made bare his arm ! pluck'd from the jaws of hell,
 A seed ! a race ! to celebrate his praise,

Triumphant Salem, shout ! thy matchless King
 Now fills thy sacred temples with his glory !

Crown'd

Crown'd are thy nations with eternal light !
And blest thy sons with peace ! O boundless love !
God ever lives ! reigns ! shines ! and dwells in thee.

C O N T E M P T

O F T H E

W O R L D.

A DIEU, false firen ! with thy splendid charms ;
No more thy song shall my attention gain ;
Nor shall this heart with feverish desire,
Pant any more for thy sublunary joys.
Alas ! the all, with which thou lur'ft the crowd ;
Though to false ken, it seems an hovering heaven,
Of sparkling wealth, is nothing in th' embrace,
But fleeting air, or unsubstantial shadow.

Ah !

Ah ! why should beings form'd to fill the thrones,
 Of deathless glory, cleave with eager soul
 To thee ? thou basest of terrestrial cheats.
 With low contemptuous arrogance disdain,
 Celestial fields of light, and starry wreaths,
 Imperial honours, and sublime abodes ;
 With all the grandeur of yon argent spheres,
 To be thy devotee and abject drudge ;
 A slave, a vassal to thy sure caprice,
 Beneath thy smile to bid proud passion rule,
 And in a phrenzy, butcher half mankind,
 Or fall a victim to thy partial frown.

When wing'd by the Almighty's vengeful arm,
 Acute diseases lay thy votaries low :
 When scarce the pulse report life's faint remains,
 And the vibration of the pendant clock,
 Repeats the moments as they swiftly fly.
 When nature struggling, summons all her pow'rs,
 To make one grand attempt her foe to foil,
 But baffled all her might. When the sad soul,
 Oppress'd with guilt's accumulated load,
 Pond'rous enough to crush a thousand worlds,

Must leap the dreadful precipice in shades,
 And void of hope quit time's enchanting scenes.
 Canst thou, O world ! O harlot false ! procure
 For him, thou hast thus beggar'd beyond aid,
 One dram of pleasure ? one grain of real joy ?
 Or stop the murderer's death, and seize his sword ?
 And if a human heart must have the stab,
 To cause it in some fainted breast be plung'd,
 That ne'er was led by thy curs'd sorceries,
 To barter heav'nly thrones for pangs of hell :
 No, at that hour when Heaven dire horror show'rs,
 And tophet yawning to receive his prey,
 A motive only, all thy succours prove,
 To heighten torture, and invite despair.

Of these, thy golden joys, O earth ! thy fair,
 Thy blooming Edens these ! How wise the man,
 Who views thy gems as transitory toys,
 And treads thy riches as terrestrial dust !
 Who conscious of his high æthereal birth,
 With god-like soul, disdains with abject stoop,
 To pick thy straws of sensual, soothing, pleasure :
 But led by virtue, gloriously pursues,
 Immortal glories, and undying bliss,

Eternal

Eternal sun-shine, and substantial good,
 With all those pure ambrosial sweets that rise.
 From cancell'd crimes, and cordial favour found,
 In the imperial courts of placid heaven ;
 Thus, in fruition of such worth, he flies
 Thee, empty void, and soars triumphant heights,
 Above yon blazing sun, or azure sky,
 Where smiling angels see the face of God ;
 His blissful face unveil'd, and from the fount
 Of gliding joys, partakes delicious draughts.

*On accidentally seeing a Print of Mr. RICHARD
 BAXTER, at a Print Shop, in London, 1784.*

HAil rev'rend shade, I'll use great Bates's prayer ;*
 May I, immortal triumphs with thee share !
 To noblest purpose live, serenely die,
 And grasp the wreath of final victory.

* *See Dr. Bates's Funeral Sermon.*

Ah,

Ah, Jeffries fell ! what would thy spectre give,
For honours, such as Baxter's manes receive ?
Of horrid guilt, of flaming piety,
Thine damn'd ! his blest, by fair posterity.

E P I G R A M,

*Occasioned by a Friend refusing to receive a Picture
of Socrates which was sent to him.*

A Thenian youths learn'd wisdom from the sage,
Whose virtuous life, gave lustre to the age :
But ah, poor Soc ! in this degenerate day,
Wisdom and thee, alike are cast away.

ANOTHER

A N O T H E R,

*Occasioned by the Submission of the Clergy of the Church
of Rome, to the late Demolition of their Convents
and Monasteries in France, &c.*

THough impious wits the kirk of Rome defame,
And load with obloquy her sacred name ;
Yet while attack'd by bombs of heresy,
True model of the purest churches, she ;
Submissive, ev'ry depredation sees,
And takes the spoiling of her goods in peace.

A N

H Y M N.

P A R T I.

FOR ever will I sing aloud,
My glorious Maker's praise;
And tell to ev'ry list'ning ear,
The wonders of his grace.

Our two first parents, rob'd with bliss,
The curious work of Heaven;
For yielding to satanic lore,
From Eden's bowers were driven.

Yet mix'd with mercy was their doom;
Compassion touch'd their God;
And they unable to sustain,
His wrath's vindictive load.

No.

No sooner had successful prov'd,
 The serpent's wily snares,
 But a Redeemer for their souls,
 He graciously prepares.

This mighty Saviour, Jesus is,
 Whom thrones of light adore ;
 He'll crush the tyrannizing fiend,
 With his almighty power.

Though the arch-rebel may presume,
 To play about his heel ;
 This thund'ring Monarch of the saints,
 Shall chain him down to hell.

P A R T II.

YE rolling skies, the plan admire,
 Ordain'd of old by nature's Sire ;
 T' emancipate imprison'd man,
 From stygian slav'ry's deathless chain.

Satan,

Satan, and all his starry host,
Their bliss, by self-perversion lost ;
Freely, they barter'd heavenly thrones,
For nameless plagues, and endless groans.

By council dire, and cunning fell ;
By ev'ry artifice of hell,
Adam partook forbidden food,
And brought the anger of his God.

But O ! of grace, a bright display,
In glory's everlasting day ;
As some sweet seraph, Mercy, sprung,
And pour'd the music of his tongue.

The lovely Radiance, wept, and said,
(Whilst flowers ambrosial wreath'd his head)
" Since man hath broke the laws of Heaven,
He must from Eden's groves be driven.

Yet being seduc'd, I'll soon assume,
To greatly mitigate his doom ;
Such noble projects I'll devise,
As shall advance him to the skies."

Therefore

Therefore, let ev'ry mortal sing,
The Lord of earth and air ;
For though their Sire abus'd his love,
His pard'ning grace was near.

Goodness through all th' æthereal plains,
A boundless ocean flow'd,
With gratitude to its great Source,
Th' angelic bosom glow'd.

But love to man excited Heaven,
T' an attribute more mild ;
And issu'd with th' illustrious birth,
Of this diviner child.

Mercy ! let all the ransom'd powers,
Triumphant Mercy sing,
As form'd in shining ranks they bend,
Before their glorious King.

And thou my soul, bear thou thy part,
In the exulting lays ;
As smiling Mercy ever reigns,
Immortal be thy praise.

A N O T H E R.

COME, holy Jesus, Lamb of God,
Help of the needy, come ;
This soul of mine with all her powers,
Expands to make thee room.

Come, thou immortal glorious Prince,
With light and love array'd,
I long to feel thy quick'ning power,
And see thy grace display'd.

I long for Jesus to melt down,
The hardness of my will,
And with his pure celestial fire,
My waiting bosom fill.

If he will deign to make my breast,
His steadfast, sure abode ;
Then I will praise his reigning grace,
And glorify my God.

Nor earth, with her delusive charms,
Shall captivate my sense ;
Deaf as the adder I'll remain,
To all her eloquence.

Nor all her frowns, nor all her smiles,
Shall draw my heart away,
From him, who shall my praises wear,
Throughout eternal day.

A N

H Y M N.

P A R T I.

The Lord our Righteousness.

I Sing that perfect Righteousness,
Which bought my everlasting peace ;
Which is my confidence and boast,
My hope, and my triumphant trust.

A rebel I, before the Lord,
Against his power, against his word ;
Nor would a sea of blood atone,
For half the evil I have done.

But

But O ! Heaven's meek, unspotted Lamb,
 His nature pity, Love, his name ;
 Became my surety, liv'd and died,
 And for my pardon satisfied.

Ye rolling planets, think on this,
 He opes the doors of heavenly bliss ;
 His rich oblation on the cross,
 Nobly repaid Heaven's injur'd laws.

While his swift wing'd ascent displays,
 His power from death, my dust to raise,
 And give it brighter joys to share,
 Than e'er did Eden's prospects wear.

A throne among the sons of light ;
 A crown eternal, robes of white :
 Through the Redeemer's pains below,
 Admiring skies shall then bestow.

P A R T II.

BENEATH the azure arch of heaven,
To save mankind no name is given,
But that of Jesus crucified,
Who for their souls on Calv'ry died.

Thou Source of heaven's effulgent day,
With thy illuminating ray,
Didst pierce my nature's mental shade,
By thee, its horrors were display'd.

The awful ruin I was in,
From the alarming guilt of sin ;
I also saw, amidst my grief,
What splendid Grace wrought my relief.

No other help on either hand,
I bow'd, O Lord, to thy command ;
To thee my trembling spirit fled,
To have her nakedness array'd.

Array'd,

Array'd, with more than angel drefs !
 Array'd with Jefu's Righteoufnefs !
 Though all yon pond'rous fyftems fall,
 And feas of fire o'erwhelm the ball :

Though terror round the globe be hurl'd,
 Or deeps ingulf this little world,
 I'm fafe in this afylum ftrong,
 And rich falvation is my fong.

P A R T ~~III.~~

COnfciencce, bring home thy dreadful charge,
 Againft juft Heaven, of crimes, enlarge ;
 Fulfil thy utmoft duty here,
 A wretch fo fordid, never fpare.

Yet though I've injur'd heav'nly grace,
 And held my fins in vile embrace ;
 Silenc'd muft all thy clamours be,
 Since Jefu's blood is all my plea.

Satan,

Satan, accuse before the throne,
And tell the faults the man has done ;
Ah ! burst thyself, but paint him well,
As ripe for all the fires of hell.

Great Heaven will listen to thy tale ;
Thine eloquence will sure prevail ;
But O ! this thunder take to thee,
The death of Jesus is my plea.

Ye lordly souls ! with merit high,
That dream it yours to reach the sky ;
Of sundry duties make your boast,
In sundry duties put your trust.

I no such way to glory know,
Nor can of merit boast below ;
By faith am only justified,
By faith in Jesus crucified.

P A R T IV.

JESUS, a Saviour is to those,
Who with his invitations close ;
Who feel their wants, yet trust his grace,
Shall glory in his righteousness.

In his great name they stand secure,
Though earth may storm, and tophet roar ;
In spite of all such little rage,
Their Prince will on their side engage.

But if they leave their gracious God,
And trample on a Saviour's blood ;
Renew the war again with Heaven,
And turn to ban the blessings given.

Contemn his everlasting love ;
Neglect their talents to improve ;
Partake the gall of sensual joys,
And deathless wreaths and thrones despise.

They

They sin against the gospel-light,
 And bring on guilt's most hateful night ;
 Being eternally undone,
 Since there's no Jesus to atone.

They frustrate ev'ry blest design,
 And on their heads bring ire condign ;
 Nor shall those ever see his face,
 That die abusers of his grace.

P A R T V.

THE great Redeemer's righteousness,
 The ground of my acceptance is ;
 His holy life and death below,
 The source from whence by blessings flow.

The common comforts which I share,
 The food I eat, the garb I wear ;
 No right have I to call them mine,
 But as procur'd by blood divine.

And

And ev'ry gift to fallen man,
Is purchas'd by a Saviour's pain ;
The spring's sweet bloom, and autumn's fall,
With all which mortals lovely call.

If then, these lesser gifts descend,
Through Christ, our universal friend,
On ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
Through ev'ry year of rolling time.

Why not the nobler gifts of love ?
The holy Spirit from above,
As God's great agent to mankind,
To pour instruction on the mind ?

As easy can his grace bestow,
His heavenly light to men below,
As send the showers of fruitful rain,
'To glad the verdure of the plain.

P A R T VI.

ADAM, by his unhappy fall,
Brought black mortality on all;
Groans all humanity, beneath,
The dreadful tyranny of death.

Ye lovely, infant, smiling throng,
That charm heaven's regions with your song,
As in celestial groves you play,
Or sing the happy hours away.

Whether from India's climes you rose,
To bid adieu to human woes;
Or with the sacred mantle rob'd,
Were dedicated unto God.

Whether you saw our sickly fun,
And did abhorrent from it turn;
Or e'er you painful struggles knew,
To bliss triumphant swiftly flew.

Ye would have grac'd this wretched earth,
 The place of your terrestrial birth;
 Ye would have pluck'd from life's fair tree,
 The fruit of immortality.

Had not our Sire with stubborn will,
 To know false good, felt only ill;
 Incurr'd the vengeance justly due,
 Brought death on all mankind, and you.

P A R T VII.

AS all mankind share in the fall,
 So hath the Saviour died for all;
 A world was into ruins laid,
 So for a world was ransom paid.

Why did that animating ray,
 Just struck by Heaven quit its clay?
 Because for sin disorder reigns,
 Fierce empire over man maintains.

Why is it crown'd with glowing stars,
 And more than mortal made its years ?
 Because the Saviour gave his breath,
 And yielded up his life to death.

Behold, in heaven's æthereal fields,
 What happy tribes each bower yields,
 That never felt a lawless flame,
 Or scandaliz'd the christian name.

That never blush'd at prayer to Heaven,
 Nor were from earth as ruffians driven,
 But took its flight, each new-born soul,
 To where balsamic pleasures roll.

Myriads, the infant armies swell,
 Redeem'd from sin, disease, and hell,
 A holy, lovely, ransom'd throng,
 From ev'ry nation, clime, and tongue.*

** If any of the Author's readers should think otherwise, he hopes they will pardon his freedom, he having children of his own.*

P A R T VIII.

AS Heaven is thus to infants kind,
Why should not parents mercy find ?
And as their tender offspring share,
Our Saviour's passion, even here ?

Jesus, transcript of Deity,
Was crucified for you and me ;
Aton'd, th' impartial Son of God,
For ev'ry mortal by his blood.

Remotest nations he brought nigh,
Yea, ev'ry tribe below the sky ;
The treasures of salvation flow,
For rich and poor, for high and low.

The

The rivers of his matchless love,
 Broke from his wounds ; weep ye above !
 Or blush, that on this favour'd ball,
 E'er one should say, " But not for all ! "

Mistaken friend, his life he gave,
 To death, to torture, and the grave !
 For all that name of human bore,
 Since the great epoch, or before.

And still kind Heaven his Spirit sends ;
 'This Agent, human life attends ;
 If griev'd his love, the sinner dies ;
 If cherish'd, crown'd in happier skies.

THE
H U M I L I A T I O N
O F
J E S U S ;

*Being Part of a Discourse once delivered to a
respectable Audience.*

OF the original dignity, and essential magnificence of Jesus, we are well informed. That he maintained his throne as the Divine Wisdom of the Godhead from eternity ; the heaven of heavens being his august residence, and myriads of angels his devotees and attendants. But though he was thus opulent, he for our sakes became indigent ; he threw aside his grandeur ; left his radiant courts, and amidst

the approving smiles of his Father, but the silence and amazement of seraphins, marched through the empyrean ranks of glorified beings, and descended to this lower world. Methinks the sweet melody of heaven would be turned into mute sadness on this occasion. No smiling cherub would tune his golden harp; no celestial spirit strike the harmonious key, nor lovely archangel pour the finely sonorous accent, no: all would be dumb, immersed in astonishment and awe, at the unparalleled condescension of their God to a race of rebellious mortals.

THE profound humility of our Lord will appear conspicuous, if we consider the manner in which he made his coming into the world, on his assumption of humanity. Was it as some mighty potentate, or lordly monarch of the East? Was he found reclining on a throne of gold, wreathed with a crown of diamonds, amidst thousands of gorgeously arrayed grandees and courtiers? No: he, the Sovereign of nature, became incarnate in the womb of a necessitous virgin, of kingly pedigree indeed, but of unenviable circumstances. Thus He, whose presence informs
the

the universe, was contracted to an infant of a span long ! Thus He, whose powerful hand whirls yonder ponderous orbs of light, with as much ease as if they were but tennis balls, takes up his residence in so limited a habitation ! Wonder, O heavens ! and stand astonished, O earth ! And when the illustrious Babe was born, what was his situation ? and what were his accommodations ? his situation was a sordid and an inhospitable stable, and his accommodations, swaddling cloaths and a manger. Could earth afford nothing more elegant for such a guest ? But when the report became universal, that so great a Prince was born, and born in Judea ; and as an infallible omen, an extraordinary luminary had bestowed new glory to the East, and that a select band from Heaven's harmonious choir, had sang his natal hymn to pastoral watch in the fields, while oriental sages had paid divine homage to his person ; one would have thought, that all the regions adjacent, would have welcomed, yea constrained the blessed Babe and his parents into some of their houses, and not have suffered them to tenant one hour longer with oxen. But ah, instead of so expected a compliment,

ment, O tell it not, lest the abodes of iniquity and despair should triumph, and clouds of perpetual horror wrap the heavens; a wicked king hunts for the young Saviour's blood, which urges his precipitate emigration; while the tyrant with a view to ensure his prey, plungeth his dagger into the bowels of all the children within his dominions, from two years old and under. Ye loving, tender parents, muse awhile on the pangs and cries of wretched and bereaved mothers. Good God! what inconsolable anguish and heart-breakings would this occasion! Ye guardian angels to these slaughtered innocents, at this melancholy crisis, where were you?

Nor will the condescension of our great Lord appear less surprizing, if we consider his meek submission to circumcision, also his submission to his earthly parents, with his exemplary readiness to labour at his reputed father's employ, till mature for his high and notorious services. Pain, thou tormenting viper, and dread antagonist to all pleasure; of execrable generation; thy sting was forged in abyssimal fires by Lucifer, and barbed for execution
by

by the harpies of hell. But though man deserves thee, and highly merits thy malignant darts, yet why should the Lamb of God be tortured by thee ? why should the most lovely Babe, eyes ever saw, feel the cruel knife operate with fierce and tormenting incision on his tender body ? or why did not angels stand ready to catch the drops as they lapsed from the sacred wound ? But ah, so it was, he submitted to endure circumcision. Also stupendous, that He, whose throne was inaccessible glory, and whose empire was the highest region of felicity ; who regulated all the stars, and governed all the planets, having millions of millions of seraphs obsequious to his nod ; and when he was employed, was employed in forming worlds, creating suns, or adjusting systems, should now be subject to the wretchedness and inconveniences of poverty, appear a domestic in a poor habitation, and work as a carpenter ; that those hands, which once swayed the sceptre of nature, and held the globe of the universe, should now be callous with extreme labour ; and that lovely and majestic body, fit to grace a senate of deities, or to preside over a synod of seraphins, should be wearied and

pained

pained with an ungrateful, laborious servitude. Moreover, that this beauteous flower, more fair than any that ever bloomed in Eden's paradisiacal climes, and which was dropped by divinely commiserating love from heaven's ambrosial groves to this nether world for the revival of the nations, should be plucked by the rough hands of lucifer, and carried to where he listed, and be afterwards left to suffer by inclement seasons. We are informed, that the holy Jesus was tempted by satan, and would have perished in a wilderness, had not angels propitiously administered to his necessities.

Still the meekness of our divine Master will appear astonishing, if we consider the persecution he bore from his enemies, while he was an habitant of mortality. Persecution, thou fiend, and legitimate progeny of hell; the infernal regions teemed thy pedigree, and on thy brow lowers all the horrors of tophet, while thy hands hold scourges composed of snakes and scorpions; not for the wicked, but for the righteous; even for a holy Jesus. Be humbled in sorrow, O my soul, and with grief bow down your heads

up heads ye disciples of peace, and ye votaries to virtue ; for he who did what he pleased in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth ; whose fame for wisdom, omnipotence and majesty, was unrivalled among the primeval glories of eternity, had his sacred person pursued, from city to city by the human blood-hounds of hell ; had stones flung at him ; was stigmatized a deceiver ; a liar ; a dealer with devils ; a blasphemer ; a hypocrite ; a glutton ; a drunkard ; and withal, a public disturber : and though a voice more loud than thunder, rent the pearly expanse, and pronounced him the beloved of the Father, while he gave demonstration of his divinity by stopping tempests in their full career ; hushing noisy and crashing elements to profound silence ; ungrasping the hold of satan, and wresting poor demoniacs from his infernal paws ; curing the most inveterate diseases ; speaking with more than the eloquence of angels ; and O, what none inferior to the Almighty could do, even raising the very dead ; yet he was threatened, vilified and abused ; and so hunted after by fiends incarnate, that he had no local residence,

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residence, even not so much as a place where to lay his head.

To close the whole, the subject will be further illustrated if we consider the awful circumstances of his death and passion. Pain and poverty, hunger and thirst, and personal insults, and blows from human devils he was acquainted with; but ah, a storm, a tremendous storm is coming, the nature of which, he is unacquainted with: will Jesus bear it? or must he sink beneath the intolerable pressure? Let us attend him to the scene, the sanguine scene Gethsamane. See, O man! thy God languishing in an agony! an agony of a peculiar kind, his hard exercise, and his alone; nor man nor angel can share the pain! What is it, that makes the Deity tremble? what is it that makes the Mighty Saviour groan, as if he groaned his last? If ever the sinless beauties of immortality weep, O *Sterne*, they weep now; weep over their fainting, suffering Lord. Can heaven, as earth, bear unconcerned spectators on so sad an occasion? Is sympathy banished the realms of love? He groans again! the sound falls
upon

upon my very heart-strings. He weeps, he prays, while blood issues in painful drops from every vein ; infinite wrath, due alone to man, crushes him ; foreboding fear of horrid future smart tortures him. He ascends, nothing easier, while inexpressible sorrow hangs her shades on his sweet majestic countenance. Will not his beloved Peter and John assay to soothe his wounded soul, and wipe his trickling tears ? alas, they are asleep ! nor doth the cries and solicitations of their Jesus awake them. He sinks again, and the verdurous turf is stained with blood : again he groans, and heaven's pensive crowds answer it with a melting sigh ; methinks I view their flaming legions hovering over their prostrate King. He prays a second time, and rising clouds of incense waft the woe-fraught accents to his gracious Father ; but no redress ; he riseth from the ground a second time, and a second time finds his disciples asleep : what, could they not watch one hour with him, whose presence was their paradise, and whose voice was as celestial music ? For the last time his holy knees press the humid earth, while unutterable groans are still the lan-

guage of heightened pain and sorrow ; “ Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; ” but for once, even Almighty Pity is inexorable to the voice of Jesus in distress ; he must drink the bitter cup ; ah, he must drain it, though the sediment is as painful as the fires of hell, and the dregs more bitter than death itself, which gives malignant aid to torture, and arms destruction with a thousand envenomed darts. O gracious God ! he is now fainting ; he is now, even now expiring ; see, what a mortal paleness has seized his cheeks ; see, his eyes languish ; see, his breast hardly heave and throb, and nature struggle as in her last agonies : welcome ; ah, far more welcome than ever was news of pardon to the condemned criminal, thou winged æthereal Saint of the purest radiance : welcome, on thy dutiful errand to support Omnipotence under the enormous load of human guilt, or to instruct a Jesus, how with patience and resignation to suffer. Ye angels, with joy proclaim it ; the Sufferer once more revives ; is refreshed and strengthened ; therefore, summoning all the fortitude of a God-like champion for truth, undauntedly to meet the inevitable stroke,

stroke, he calmly prepares himself for the bloody catastrophe. And now tophet opens her stupendous magazine, and discharges all her cursed artillery, human and diabolical, on his sacred head: this being her hour, her only hour of triumph over the Ever-Blessed, he, by a most artful villain, and execrable apostate, is accosted with all the cunning of hell, and delivered to the power of a lawless mob. Before a prepossessed, infatuated council is arraigned; and though found as innocent as an angel, yet is stripped naked, and severely lashed with a heavy scourge: sanguine was the scene, and hard was the punishment; his raw blood issuing back, witnessed this. Though he gave ample demonstration that he was a lawful Sovereign, and no usurper, yet he was degraded with a crown of piercing thorns, while his inflexible tormentors used the most infamous indignities: and, notwithstanding he was in a state of the utmost debility through persecution and affliction, yet he must bear a ponderous tree to a considerable distance. O ye Titians and Raphaels, here is a subject worthy your immortal pencils, the Father and Benefactor of mankind
amidst

amidst thousands of eager spectators, drooping, sinking, fainting beneath the weight of his cross ! By many a weary painful step, he, at length arrives at the fatal spot ; and, after undergoing the preparation of being exposed, fixed, and nailed by hands and feet, is elevated ; not in the imperial chair, on a throne of gold and ivory, under a superb canopy of state, but on a despicable gibbet : let creation blush, and nature shudder ; a gibbet ! Ye bereaved Jacobs, ye afflicted Jobs, ye mourning Davids, ye disconsolate Rachels, and ye weeping Jeremiahs, come and see, if there ever was sorrow like unto this Man's sorrow : it is true, he had not any lovely child torn from his bleeding bosom ; but what was more distressing, he was brought from the summit of heaven's ineffable glory, and hung as a malefactor upon a gibbet. No earthly crown did he ever claim ; no temporal throne did he ever grace ; yet what was more degrading, he was led from the possession of eternal thrones, and celestial diadems, and suspended as a ruffian and murderer on a gibbet. Ye lowering skies, reverberate the sadly sound ; a gibbet ! ye silent rocks, repeat the melancholy

el ancholy groan ; a gibbet ! an accursed gibbet !
 Heaven fled the sight, while the scene too shock-
 ing to be beheld, but by callous men, and laughing
 devils, drew a black mantle over universal nature,
 and extinguished the sun !

A PASTORAL.

D A M O N T O D E L I A.

COME gentle Delia, let these arms
 Enclose my lovely fair ;
 These pensive days, and dreary nights,
 Thy hapless stay declare.

Each mead wears sorrow, while the hills,
 Responsive to my lay,
 Repeat in sadness o'er the vales,
 " Come Delia, come away."

Ah ! why delaying ? hither haste ;
 Thy loving swain has twin'd,
 A chaplet of his earliest pinks,
 Thy ivory brows to bind.

V 2

While

While spring, with daisied wreath, invites,
 Unfolds his every sweet ;
 And waits to strew, with cowslips gay,
 The progress of thy feet.

Then let thy bosom fair indulge,
 To Damon soft repose ;
 That bosom, as the lilies white,
 And fragrant as the rose.

Come gentle Delia, pour thy smiles,
 And chase this fretful gloom ;
 I languish at thy tedious stay,
 O come, my Delia come.

D A M O N ' s V O W

O F

F I D E L I T Y.

NATURE hath often pleas'd herself,
 With many a beauty rare ;
 But as her choice, best finish'd piece,
 Gave up my Delia fair.

Ye rural youths with beauteous miens,
 That tune the vocal reed,
 As by some murm'ring rill you sit,
 From love's tyranny freed.

And ye fair nymphs with filken locks,
 That stately tread the plain,
 Attentive to your fleecy care,
 Bear witness to my strain.

If I to Delia faithless prove,
 A Damon false despise,
 Struck with the virtues of her soul,
 And light'ning of her eyes.

If ever after other nymphs,
 My footsteps rudely stray,
 Forsake her more than mortal charms,
 That o'er my bosom sway.

Let me be banish'd from your groves,
 Neglected let me die,
 And not a youth deplore the death,
 Nor virgin raise a sigh.

A N S W E R

T O

DELIA'S COMPLAINTS.

AH! Delia, why this flowing eye?
This humid cheek, this pensive sigh?
This sunless gloom and rayless shade,
That o'er thy wonted smiles pervade?

Eternal Pan! whom I implore,
To thy great name I'll incense pour;
Ere Phœbus silvers o'er the East,
Or paints with gold the pearly West.

O teach my pipe soft soothing airs,
Powerful to stop my Delia's tears;
Whilst on this verd'rous bank reclin'd,
I strive to charm her fretful mind.

Nor may my fair one e'er refuse,
The song of an Arcadian muse;
The tuneful lays if she'll give ear,
Shall sweetly dry up every tear.

See,

See, yonder chearful sprightly jay,
Alertly hop from spray to spray,
Unmindful what to-morrow brings,
He culls his food, and waves his wings.

And yonder starry spangled flowers,
That ope their buds in Daphne's bowers ;
Serene they spring, and joyous grow,
Though they no toil or labour know.

Yet hath the jay his pittance given,
And all his wants supply'd by Heaven ;
The tulip's pride from hence obtains,
Its azure streaks and golden veins.

And will not our great Pan provide,
Conduct where rills refreshing glide,
Our lambs make his almighty care,
While they his kindly blessings share ?

To verdant pastures gently lead,
With balmy herbage richly feed ;
To cooling shades point their repose,
Or shelter them from falling snows ?

O Delia,

O Delia, yes ; then let a glow,
 Of conscious shame from Delia flow ;
 For thoughts so low of bounteous love,
 Redundant from the climes above.

In Strephon's fields blest Pyrrha smiles ;
 Heaven knows her wants, and knows her toils ;
 In peace she guides her flock along,
 And charms the vallies with her song.

No ruffling cares fill Pyrrha's breast,
 Of joy and heavenly calm possess'd ;
 Yet boast her lambs a goodly guide,
 A Strephon's honour and his pride.

And Stella with white lilies crown'd,
 Protects her folds on Nestor's ground ;
 With gentle arm the tender bears,
 And guards them from awaiting snares.

Yet Stella's bosom knows no pain,
 No thoughts ignoble in her reign ;
 No hurtful fear o'er shades her eyes,
 Since mighty Pan hath large supplies.

Then

Then let not Delia ever mourn,
But all her plaints to praises turn :
Great Heaven is angry when we droop,
But crowns with smiles our active hope.

See, Delia see, 'tis smiling May,
All nature sweet, serene and gay ;
Ambrosial gales, and woodland choirs,
Yield all their charms to thy desires.

Here teach the list'ning nymphs thy lays ;
Here warble our great Shepherd's praise ;
That songster shrill, will drop his note,
And own thee Empress of the grot.

Our pretty lambs with chearful looks,
Shall wanton frisk by purling brooks ;
By blooming hills, on sweets regale,
And share the lux'ry of the vale.

No Strephon with his Pyrrha blest,
Nor Nestor with his Stella grac'd,
Shall think their joys are half so rare,
As Damon's, with his Delia fair.

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